

The AMERICAN GIRL

November
1952 · 25¢



Evelyn Connally



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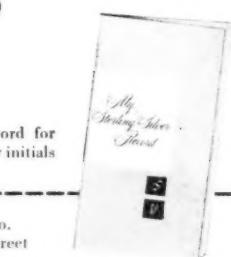
Barbara Green: "*Queen's Lace* will give richness to any setting. I selected it because I love the exquisite ornamentation of this design."



Patricia Gass: "One of the new patterns, *Blossom Time*, is my choice. The design is definite, but not ornate. It's dreamy silver!"



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by MARJORIE VETTER

TO GIVE AND TO GET

This issue is chock-full of good suggestions for Christmas giving—to help you select presents for others and for your own list of things you would like to receive from your family and friends.

November, the month in which, with the slogan **Reading Is Fun**, we are celebrating this year the thirty-fourth anniversary of Book Week, is a good time to list new books for Christmas giving. Books are gifts which may delight not only for one day but throughout the year and from Christmas to Christmas all through life. For, as Paul Tripp said in his Book-Week talk: "Seems to me a book is about the most perfect friend anybody ever invented. A book is never out somewhere when you want it but always 'at home' waiting for a visit from you . . . Want to go somewhere? . . . Just find the right book and it will take you anywhere you want to go." Some of the friends we make in books remain with us always, giving us pleasure all our lives long.

Christmas All Year 'Round. Edited by MARJORIE VETTER. *Abelard Press*, \$2.95. (May be ordered from Girl Scout National Equipment Service, Catalogue No. 23-314.) This is a natural Christmas gift for you, your friends, your club, Girl Scout troop, or class. It is the first collection of Christmas stories from *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—twenty-five stories by long-favorite authors and newcomers to the writing field. Each story was enthusiastically acclaimed as "super" in hundreds of letters from our readers when it originally appeared in the magazine. There are tales full of the fun and gaiety of the season, like "Holiday House Party"; amusing ones, such as "Among Those Presents"; serious ones, as "We'll Always Have Christmas," "The Red Wagon," and "Sea Anchor." The stories are set in the snows of New England, the mountains of Kentucky, the cattle ranches of Colorado, and in foreign countries. Though the book is such a perfect Christmas gift, the stories with their individual presentations of the theme of brotherly love would be appropriate reading at any time of the year. As the backgrounds and points of view are varied, the different interpretations of the Christmas theme should do much to give the feeling of this holiday to girls of all faiths. Good reading for fun and entertainment, the book is also a treasure trove of material for special holiday readings or dramatizations.

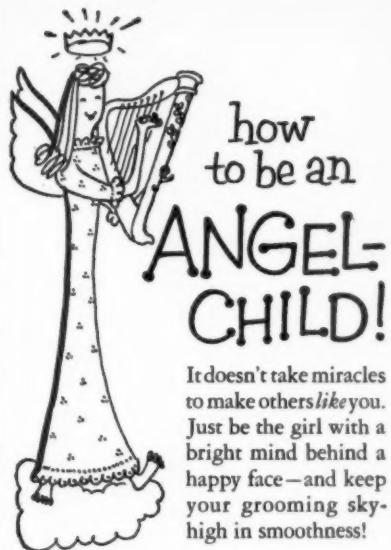
Day After Tomorrow. By RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT. *Doubleday & Co.*, \$2.50. Older brothers will find this book engrossing, timely, and thought-provoking. Basketball star, top man in the senior class of the high school in his small, Midwestern

home town, Tom Briggs found coach, teachers, and fellow pupils indifferent and unresponsive when his father's new job took the family to New York. Tom's misery was augmented by the depressing effect of his new home, an almost-tenement apartment on a crowded, littered street. Here lived Tom's classmates—pretty, standoffish Karen Graham and popular, arrogant Ludi Lucano. The two paid no attention to Tom until Ludi, impressed by Tom's speech in assembly, took him to a club to play basketball and then Karen told Tom vehemently that she did not like Ludi, his friends, or his club. But Tom had found companionship at last and a chance to play basketball. He kept brushing aside troubling suspicions, becoming more and more active in club affairs, echoing club ideas and beliefs until without realizing it he was an active member of a Communist-front organization. It took two shocks, one concerned with Karen and one with his father's job, to bring Tom to his senses. Tom's story is based on facts and told by the author of "Luck of the Irish" who knows how to hold the reader's interest.

Crissy at The Wheel. By MILDRED LAWRENCE. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*, \$2.50. As a gift for a younger sister, this amusing story of Crissy, her Papa, her Susan-Cat, and their adventures with the horseless carriage, should make a hit. Crissy's Papa was the best carriage salesman in Granite City, Michigan. When he decided to sell automobiles, everyone but Crissy thought he was crazy. Papa's boss, Mr. Wellfleet, finally agreed to make a few automobiles when Papa promised to go back to selling carriages if he did not sell twenty automobiles by spring. Crissy loved to visit the carriage works and watch her friend, Jed, paint stripes on the new carriages while he quoted from an inexhaustible knowledge of the poets. She had no doubts that the horseless carriage was here to stay, and she tried to help Papa all she could, even learning to drive one of the newfangled contraptions. But there wasn't much she could do, and a lot of her time was taken up with the fun she and Elmo, the boy next door, thought up for Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. It was an anxious year. Crissy, Elmo, and Jed all helped, and when it seemed almost hopeless, Papa gave Crissy a thrilling surprise. If you are mature enough not to be afraid of a story about a younger girl, read this before you wrap it—you will enjoy the humor and the fine picture of a typical carriage-making town at the turn of the century, which the author has drawn from her memories and the reminiscences of others of her home town, Flint, Michigan.

The Captive Princess. By MAXINE SHORE. *Longmans, Green and Co.*, \$3.00. Your history or Sunday-school teacher, or any other adult or young person on your list who enjoys historical books, will thank you for this story, based on fact and legend, of the first Christian princess of Britain. The background of first-century Britain and Rome is authentic, and the main characters are people who actually lived in a stirring period which the author likens "in many restless ways" to our own. Gwladys of the shining hair and impulsive ways was the daughter of Carodoc, British ruler and patriot, who for years defied the conquering Romans by waging guerrilla warfare against them. Since her childhood Gwladys had cherished a sil-

(Continued on page 38)



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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by George L. Connelly

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NOVEMBER COVER



Our bright and beautiful November cover is the happy result of father-daughter teamwork! George L. Connelly, the artist, tells us that the model for this—his typical American girl painting—was his fourteen-year-old daughter, Nancy. Born in Philadelphia, Mr. Connelly was educated in private elementary schools and military academy; on graduation he studied art at the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. He now has two studios—one at home in Westtown, Pennsylvania, another in Philadelphia, where he consistently turns out his handsome, finely-detailed illustrations for top-flight magazines.

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NUMBER 11

the *golden* alligator

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An exciting two-part story of
treasure buried in the Florida jungle

By ELIZABETH G. SEIBERT

ALL SUMMER Courtney Crandall had been getting her ducks in a row to go north to college in the fall. Winthrop College had accepted her high school credits; the courses offered were just the thing for a person who wanted to be a landscape architect; she had a room in a dormitory. And, last but not least, she had made and bought some highly satisfactory clothes for campus and for week-end dating, pretty sure that a good many of those week-end dates would be with broad-shouldered, honey-voiced Tucker Jamison, the next-door neighbor with whom she had laughed, danced, swum, and hunted for Spanish reliques all over Cormorant Key the whole hot, blue-gold, Florida summer. Tuck would be a freshman at Hammond University, just twenty miles from Winthrop.

And then, early in September, college plans had begun to dissolve just like a dish of ice cream left out of the icebox on a hot day. Her mother had put off the trip to Tampa to buy her a winter coat; had left the registrar's bill for tuition lying on her desk for days; had changed the subject every time Courtney brought up anything about college. Finally, one morning, Mrs. Crandall had laid down a thick letter from her husband, postmarked New York, and as gently as possible had broken the news to Courtney that there wasn't going to be any college—not this year anyway.

The jungle was dark, quiet, full of wild creatures. Courtney froze in her tracks, terrified by a low rustling in the bushes



She made out the old woman—
more witchlike than ever
as she bent over the fire

They had been lingering over breakfast on the porch that looked toward their jungly acres bordering the bayou, and as her mother explained about business troubles and the necessity to stop spending—for anything—it seemed to Courtney as if the thick tropical growth that surrounded them were pressing in on her, smothering her.

Always before the mysterious jungle—with its clumps of palms and wild oranges, its bird songs and distant gleam of blue water—had seemed friendly, and she had never tired of speculating on the possibilities of finding in it the Indian mounds or the buried Spanish gold that legend placed there. Even the malodorous shack of Indian Mary, the ancient Seminole Indian woman who had so long exercised squatter's right at the edge of the Crandalls' bayou, had a certain shivery fascination, the more because of the story that once, years ago, the old woman had offered, in exchange for bootleg whisky, an ancient golden coin. But now the jungle with its wild life, its legends, its mystery, seemed to Courtney to be closing in on her, keeping her from the new life she was so eager to try.

She rose from the table and, facing out toward the thick, green growth so that her mother would not see her eyes, fumbled with the shoelacing that held her straight, dark hair in a shining pony tail, before she managed to bring out levelly, "Don't worry, Moms. Perhaps next year...."

Then as she heard the rumble of Tuck's jeep next door, she dropped a hasty kiss on her mother's head and fled to her room.

How could she give up Winthrop! How could she stay marooned here on the key with practically everyone she knew off to school to learn the new arts and skills that would win them places in the world? Why, she would turn into a regular Florida cracker!

Outside the window a wheelbarrow squeaked, and Courtney saw Wes Lillycrop hauling fertilizer for her father's papaya grove. Speaking of crackers, thought Courtney, as she watched Wes's

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Wes had been in her class at high school last year. Wes had been nice enough, and good-looking in a kind of country way, but their paths hadn't often crossed. Why should they when there was always attentive, exuberant Tuck, full of plans for fun and adventure—Tuck with the leisure (and the money always in his pocket) for anything from a school dance to a treasure-hunting prowl in the hammock land? "Oh, Tuck, Tuck! I want out!" said Courtney aloud to herself.

It was Tuck himself who, rumbling up the drive that afternoon in his jeep, produced the scheme that Courtney at first laughingly derided and finally came to more than half believe in as a possible means of escape. From the moment that he swung out of the car, and eyes shining, seized her shoulders in both hands, she knew that something was up, and she did not need his low-voiced "Don Jorge!"—their treasure-hunt password—to know what it was.

Heedless of the mosquitoes, they plumped down on the porch steps, and Tuck, digging into the pockets of his elegantly casual Bermuda shorts, produced a clipping from the "Sun City Herald."

Skeptical at first, and simulating enthusiasm only because, as always, she wanted to please Tuck, Courtney read that the dredgers, who had been working for some weeks deepening the ship channel, had dug up the wreck of an old boat on the bayou side of the key. A visiting archaeologist had given his opinion that it undoubtedly dated from Juan Anasco's 1528 visit to Cormorant Key. Then all at once Courtney remembered the old manuscript and its translation in Tuck's father's library, understood Tuck's excitement, and herself caught fire.

"Here because of its damaged condition we beached the smaller boat, and, after making camp on the highest land, and having there, under a great oak disposed safely of certain valuables against our present return, we set out to explore the island while awaiting return of the pinnace."

Courtney knew by heart the passage from the old conquistador's letter. She and Tuck had read and reread it, together with the latter portion of it which told how a sudden Indian attack had all but annihilated the small band, leaving only the writer, Don Jorge de Irriqua, alive to swim in a hail of arrows to the pinnace.

For years she and Tuck had dreamed of finding those "certain valuables," sure that somewhere under their feet lay heaps

of golden coins, ornaments, perhaps jewels, from Cuba and the Indies. Knowing that their key had been visited by Spanish explorers in 1528, and feeling sure that a landing party would approach from the bay side rather than from the open gulf, they had combed the low-lying bayshore, poking into almost every spot on their own bayou that was high enough to support an oak or pine; but never before had they had any clue as to what part of the key might have been the side of the forced landing. But now, with the finding of this long-buried Spanish boat—and from the newspaper account almost in their own backyard—Courtney felt a wild surge of excitement. If they found Don Jorge's cache! If! She could almost feel the golden coins running through her fingers—smooth, heavy, shining. Coins that would solve everything; bring Winthrop within her grasp; let her learn a profession that would make her a help rather than a drag on the family. And at Winthrop she could see Tuck—oh, ever and ever so often!

"My gosh, Courtney," said Tuck, "that darned boat was found apparently almost on your land. Not far from Indian Mary's shack," he added, and they both laughed a little uneasily. In their explorations they had not approached too closely the old woman's somehow sinister dwelling. Tuck had said frankly that Indian Mary gave him the chilly-willies, and had held his nose in a crude but expressive gesture. And Courtney had avoided it not only because she was repelled by the ever-present odor of fish offal and the lonely and decayed aspect of the place, but because she well knew how her father felt about anyone's trespassing on the old woman's domain.

She slapped thoughtfully at a mosquito and recalled that Indian Mary had chased one of the men on the government dredge boat with an ax. The sheriff had come to Pops about it (Courtney's wide-set eyes were merry for a moment as she recalled the encounter) and Pops had told the sheriff to go boil his head, adding in no uncertain terms that as long as he lived nobody was going to bother the old lady. Then she sobered as she remembered that Pops had said later, "Indian Mary's shack may be on land that's ours under the laws of the United States, but I'd hate to try to uphold our title in the courts of heaven." And then he had gone on to tell how back in forty-five the government had pushed the Seminoles out of their Florida lands, and how one poor old chief had eaten ground glass and died rather than take ship from Tampa for the cold, inhospitable lands out West. "It's a black mark on the record of our country," Pops had concluded, "and I'm going to see to it that at least one member of that tribe can have privacy in the land of her fathers."

Now, sitting in the hot September sunshine with Tuck, the fire of her own excitement (*Continued on page 48*)

sun-bleached blond head, brown back, and faded blue jeans disappear behind the windbreak of clipped casuarinas. A remembrance of the weather-beaten, unpainted Lillycrop house, the rundown old plant nursery, and Mr. Lillycrop in his wheel chair, flashed into Courtney's mind, and she thought, that's what happens when money runs out and you can't get an education. You work all day in the hot sun as somebody's yardman—caught here forever!

The years seemed long until Ellen learned
how foolish it is to hurry time

a time

to

Love

by ALICE HOGAN
Illustrated by Stephanie

ELLEN KNELT before her open window in the darkness, watching the tossing trees, the distant stars, feeling spring in the April air—surely spring, with summer at its heels. It was nearly midnight; in a few minutes she would be sixteen years old.

Ever since her thirteenth birthday she had gone through this ritual, creeping from her bed in the dark so as not to disturb Barbara, who slept in the bed across the room, and kneeling at her window to stare intently at the night, as if she could somehow see the additional, beautiful year settling softly about her slender shoulders.

There was something magical about growing up, she thought, something quite apart from the process of becoming taller, of filling out here and there; these things were only disturbing to her. "This is me, Ellen Terhune," she whispered. "Me. A person. Sixteen."

Often she wondered if the years were so long for other girls. Especially the years from thirteen to sixteen. As soon as she was thirteen, she had begun to wish she were fourteen, and hardly was she fourteen than she had longed to be fifteen. Then, being fifteen had been hardly different from being fourteen except that she had become taller; certainly fifteen had been filled with the same vast impatience for time to pass, with another new and secret fear added: Suppose even being sixteen made no difference; suppose she never got started!

"Stop rushing so, Honey!" Barbara, who was nearly eighteen and a senior, had said with an affectionate, big-sisterly hug. But it was well enough for Barbara to talk—Barbara upon whom any age seemed to rest with such lovely grace. For Barbara had always been pretty, must always have been poised, even at four.

Ellen sighed, wondering how it would feel to be pretty and confident and satisfied like her sister, never uncertain and inadequate as she herself nearly always felt. And the trees rustled and whispered, while the dipping branches tapped gently on the windowpane above her. "Sixteen. Sixteen," they promised.

"Ellen!" Barbara was sitting up in her bed across the room. "What are you doing out of bed at this hour? You crazy kid!" Barbara's usually loving voice was irritable and reminded Ellen all at once of Tom Dobson, who had been Barbara's boy friend until last month.

"Take it easy, Sugar," Tom always said in his lazy way when Barbara was upset, and before you knew it, there was Barbara, sunny again. For an instant Ellen almost said aloud, "Take it easy, Sugar." Then she remembered that Barbara hadn't been seeing Tom for over a month now. Tom's words must long since have lost their old, happy power.

So Ellen only scrambled to her feet and ran to bed, pulling the blankets up about her. "I was opening the window," she mumbled, thinking, "Barbara would never understand anyone's waiting up to be sixteen." But as she dropped off to sleep she held the thought warm and close. *Sixteen. Things will be different now that I'm sixteen.*

When Ellen awoke in the morning, she discovered that Barbara had already gone downstairs, so she scurried to the mirror to study her reflection there. A tall girl, with her childhood thinness still upon her, she looked the same as ever, she thought, and was vaguely dissatisfied with her gray eyes that were too serious, her mouth that was too wide, her short hair that was neither yellow nor brown. Debating on what to wear, she at last chose the gray suit she had inherited from Barbara, who had found the color

unbecoming. No one could tell how young you were in a suit.

When Ellen slid into her seat at the breakfast table, Barbara glanced up and surveyed her gloomily. Barbara looked pale this morning, her frail blonde prettiness faintly strained and blurred. "Is that *you* under all that lipstick?" she inquired witheringly.

Ellen bent over her cereal, miserably aware of her flushed face, of Barbara's continued critical scrutiny. "I think my suit makes her look too old, Mother," Barbara said at length.

"She is older." Mrs. Terhune put her hands on Ellen's shoulders as she stood behind her. "This is Ellen's birthday, though we are having her birthday supper and her presents tomorrow because of Dad's meeting tonight." She leaned over to kiss her younger daughter. "Happy birthday, Ellen."

Mr. Terhune looked up from his paper. "Older? Who's older around here besides me? Not Ellen surely?" he said, pretending. "In heaven's name, how old is Ellen now?"

"Sixteen." Ellen kept her eyes down so that they couldn't see how she hated having them talk at her in this oblique way.



"This is me," she whispered. "Me. A Person! Sixteen."

"Sixteen!" her father echoed. Then he smiled at her. "Sweet sixteen, eh?"

This was the cue on which Dick, her twelve-year-old brother, entered. "And never been kissed," he finished, blithely adding, "and I bet she hasn't, at that." He helped himself to a piece of Barbara's toast in passing and ducked when Barbara made a move toward him. "Why'n you give her a few tips, Glamour Puss?" he asked of Barbara.

Mr. Terhune took one last sip of his coffee. "Ellen's got plenty of time," he said comfortably. "She's still only a little girl." But as he passed her chair, he patted her head with his folded newspaper, and Ellen thought miserably, "Now Daddy will notice, too. There's something the matter with me. I'm sixteen years old and I haven't a single boy friend. Barbara had dates when she was fourteen. Barbara never, never had to worry even when she was a freshman."

"Little," did you say?" It was Dick again. "Ellen?"

"Don't talk with your mouth full, Richard," Mrs. Terhune reproved him. "And stop teasing Ellen."

"Stop teasing *Ellen!*" Barbara's voice sounded smothered. "He can humiliate *me* before all my friends and no one says a word!"

"Oh, yeah? You didn't even speak to me in front of my friends! I didn't do nothing but yell at Tom Dobson that you were coming down the street". Dick's eyes narrowed craftily. "Where is that Dobson guy, by the way? Seems to me I ain't seen him around here lately—"

"Haven't seen him—" Mrs. Terhune began to correct Dick mechanically, but but stopped in the middle of a sentence to stare at Barbara.

For Barbara had risen from her chair, her face livid, her voice trembling. "For your information, I hate Tom Dobson," she said. "I wouldn't go out with him if he were the last boy in Rockport." In the doorway Barbara paused and faced the room. "And I hate you too, Richard Terhune, even if you are my brother," she finished grimly, grabbing up her books and dashing out the door for school.

When Ellen first entered high school, Barbara had generously let her tag along in her company. But there was always a boy or two who joined Barbara, and they and the older girls who were Barbara's friends made Ellen so uncomfortable with their whispering and giggling, she had arranged to leave the house a little later.

"I can't understand it," Mrs. Terhune worried again this morning. "Sisters going to the same school and not going together! I'm sure I don't know what the neighbors must say!"

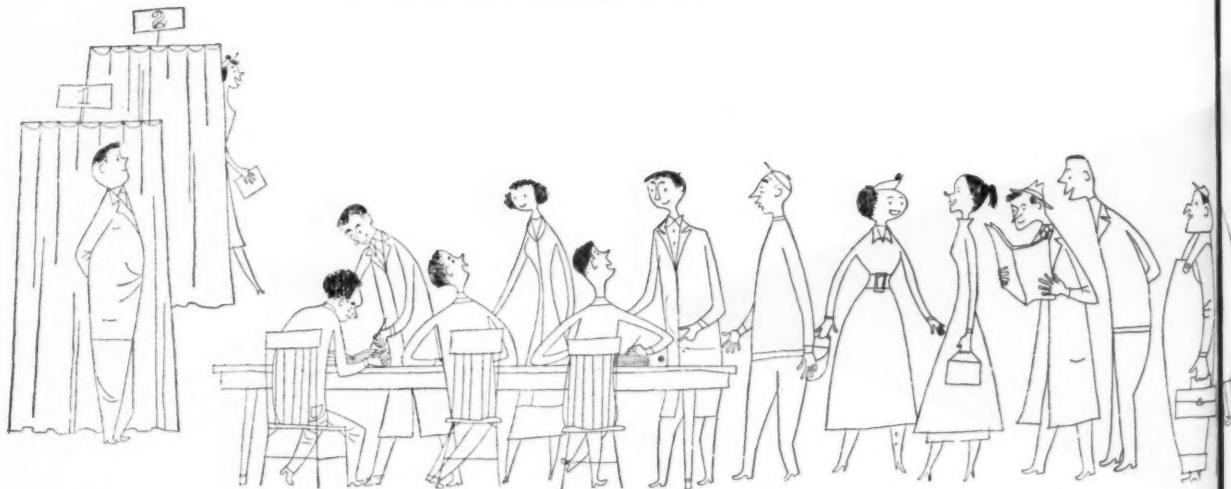
Walking down the street, Ellen thought about Barbara. There had been no decrease in Barbara's dates, but she seemed *different*. Ellen was puzzled. But Barbara had never wanted the family to bother about her.

"Look," she would say with a toss of her bright head, "just let me take care of myself, will you?" (Continued on page 52)

Get Out the Vote

by MARIE E. GAUDETTE

Put your mind and heart on keeping your
country free through the ballot box



OUR FOREFATHERS traveled through mud and storm, afoot and on horseback to vote for the Declaration that made us a free people. In this enlightened year of 1952 with its convenient cars, streamlined buses, smooth-running trains, getting to the nearest polling place to cast the votes that help preserve this hard-won freedom takes a minimum of time and effort.

Yet, the truth of the matter is that our national voting record is a poor one, indeed. For instance, only forty-four per cent of our eligible citizens voted in 1950. In no uncertain terms this means that the forty-four per cent of the eligibles who voted decided things for the fifty-six per cent who did not. Government *by* the people, *for* the people? A national citizenship score like this means government *by some* of the people for all the rest of the people. A vote is a voice in national affairs. No vote—no voice. It's as simple as that.

You hear a lot of talk these days about what the United States is doing to help other countries follow the free, democratic way of life, which depends, among other things, on free elections. This year the American people hope to set a shining example of good citizenship to the entire free world by making the turnout

at the polls the biggest and best ever. Rich and poor, Democrat, Republican, and Independent, old and young are climbing on a new kind of political band wagon that waves aloft a banner emblazoned with these words: "Get Out the Vote!"

To spur this nationwide drive The American Heritage Foundation is working hand-in-glove with the Advertising Council and forty-six national nonpartisan groups. Part and parcel of this drive are the services being offered by American youth. Yes, youth means you. You can't vote yet, of course, but you do have a vital part to play.

What? How? Where? Let's dig down first and try to unearth some of the reasons why people have been lax about going to the polls. Once we understand these we can get to work at plugging up the weak spots so that our national voting structure will stand firm and strong. Here are some of the excuses most often voiced: "I couldn't get away from work." "I forgot to register." "I couldn't get to the polls." "I was ill." "I couldn't leave my children."

Think about these for a minute. On the surface some of them sound reasonable enough. There are some people, for

instance, who are physically unable to make the trek to the ballot box. But with help, these nonvoters *could* cast their ballots in November. This is where you and you come in.

All over our nation these days vivid, minute dramas are taking place in which teen-agers are playing featured roles. You may find, in the ones highlighted here, some cues to your own performance as a star citizen.

For one, there's twelve-year-old Janie, whose mother has a full-time job in addition to the task of making a home for Janie. Janie's mother has been a bit worried about getting to the polls. Enter Janie, who first made a call to her local newspaper to get the exact information on the hours the polls will be open, where the nearest polling place is located, and how her mother can get there from her office by bus. Then Janie offered to do the marketing, cook dinner, and start the laundry. Comes Election Day Janie's mother, freed of her after-work responsibilities, *will* get to the polls.

Fourteen-year-old Barbara has a treasured friend in Mrs. Andrews who is eighty years young! Barbara loves to drop in after school to listen to Mrs. Andrews' suspense-filled and nostalgic stories of her childhood in the Old West.



Drawing by Irv Koons

A conscientious voter, Mrs. Andrews, now bedridden, had resigned herself to staying away from the polls this year. But Barbara rolled up her sleeves and went to work to find out if some arrangement could be made to bring the ballot box to Mrs. Andrews. It could be done. A registrar was sent to Mrs. Andrews' home so that she might first register. Next, a ballot will be sent to her and Mrs. Andrews will cast an "absentee" vote.

Does your town send a registrar to register a voting citizen confined in bed or in a hospital? Can absentee-voting privileges be arranged for those who are ill?

Perhaps you are a member of one of the youth organizations—Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, Y's, and so on—pledged to take part in getting out the vote. Girl Scouts will be called Home Aides to Voters and will take care of children in the homes or in child-care centers while the parents vote. If there is no Girl Scout troop or other youth organization in your home town, why not ask your teacher to help you organize a school club to take over the pressing baby-sitting problem on Election Day?

Or, like Mary Ann and her brother Bill, you might turn chauffeur and provide transportation to the polls for those

who can't manage it themselves. Mary Ann called on every occupant of her apartment house, offering her service; seven people accepted gratefully. On November fourth Bill (who has his license and is an expert driver) and Mary Ann will make two trips to the polls in the family car, thereby assuring seven votes that otherwise might not have been cast.

Inquire through your school, your local civic organizations. Be Johnny-on-the-spot, in your community and in your home, to lend a helping hand. Run an errand, lick a stamp, arm yourself with information, so (*Continued on page 29*)

GIL BRONSON was in the mow, fork-ing down the last of the treasured hay to the cows that could no longer forage on the drought-browned range. When he heard the rumble of wagon wheels, he knew his father was back from town. So very soon now, Gil would know the best, or the worst, that could happen to him.

If there were someone with Dad, it would be the cattle buyer. Cattle buyers, in this hard year, were as scarce as grass, and the news that there was one in town had sent Dad off as fast as he could hitch the team. But if his father were alone, it would mean that he had had no luck. And that meant the end of Gil's long-cherished dream of going off to school in town.

He was fifteen, now, and a year had passed since his graduation from the one-room school which served their district. But going to school in the city meant boarding out, books to buy, and clothes that were different from overalls and his father's castoff, high-heeled boots. What with the drought and loss of cattle, and then no market for the steers they had saved, Dad simply had not had the cash. But, if Dad sold the steers today, he had promised Gil that he could go to school.

There were no voices in the yard—just Dad saying, "So, there, Bess. Up a little, Ben." Then, the rattle of loosened traces.

Gil knew the worst. But he forced his stiff legs down the ladder and even managed a frozen smile. "Hi, Dad. No luck in town, I guess."

Ben Bronson shook his grizzled head. "Young Fealy was there, in that car of his, and he took the cattle buyer off with him. Fealy's been able to feed this summer, after the range dried up, and he has a lot of beef for sale—all the buyer's going to want, I reckon. I might have saved myself the trip. Although," he cleared a husky throat, "I did manage to buy some hay to tide us over with those cows we're feeding, Gil."

"That's good," Gil said. "I had to scrape the mow this morning." His cheeks felt stiff, and his voice was wooden. Dad buying hay—that meant he had had to use the money they had all been hoarding, a dime or a dollar at a time, in the old tin can on the kitchen shelf. There had not been enough there, yet, to get Gil started off to school, but it had been a nest egg, anyhow.

Ben Bronson sighed and rubbed a hand across the stubble on his chin. "I'm sorry, Gil," he said.

Gil knew that was true, and he felt ashamed to be adding trouble to the load his father had to carry.

"Sure, Dad," he said. "I've sort of given up the notion of going off to school. I'm getting kind of old for that, and besides, I reckon you need me here."

His father's look of pleased relief was pretty chilly comfort, though. At dinner-time the potatoes stuck in Gil's tight throat, and he wasn't hungry.



Beautiful and

**The black stallion could give Gil his heart's desire.
Did he have the right to make his dream come true?**

BEN BRONSON, trying for a cheerful note, broke the painful silence. "Everyone in town is agog over the wild-horse hunt tomorrow. Protheroe has offered a thousand bucks to whoever captures that outlaw stallion they call Black Prince. Five hundred dollars for his mate."

They had known about the hunt, of course. It had been organized by the wealthy rancher who had a covetous eye on the two wild creatures—the last of the bands of horses that had roamed these hills since the early days when the Spaniards had come in search of the fabled golden cities.

Gil's mother looked at him with a sudden bright and hopeful smile.

"Gil," she said, "you ought to go. You've always been crazy about that stallion. When you were younger, I couldn't keep you home from the Hesperus flats, where you could watch those two wild horses. Knowing their habits as you do, you might be the one to win that money and put yourself through a year of school."

Gil's laugh was hollow. "Gosh, Ma," he

said, "the finest riders in the country will all be there. What chance do you figure old Rex would have against—well, say Jim Fealy's Scamp? That thoroughbred will leave the other bangtails standing still."

"Jim Fealy should be barred," Ma said. "All the money those Fealys have."

"No, he shouldn't," Gil protested. "Jim's entitled to his fun, just as much as anybody. Although," he added, "I can't imagine its being fun. It makes me sick to think of someone's rope around Black Prince's neck. He's a beauty, sure enough, but it's something that's sort of all tied up with his running wild and being free. And the mare—you never saw her like, nor the way the two of 'em stick together. If one or the other is out of sight, they act as crazy as our old Bess with an unweaned colt."

"Protheroe aims to keep Black Prince," Ben said, "and send the mare back east to his married daughter. Just the same, Gil, boy, I'd have a try at that prize. Someone's going to win it. Might as well be you."

Then the stallion leaped—a leap no man would dream a horse could make

Free

by CAROLYN ST. CLAIR KING

Illustrated by William Timmins

Ben cleared his throat and left the table. Ma sat there, anxiously watching Gil, who was staring blankly into space.

It really hurt the folks, Gil knew, not being able to send him off to the school he had planned on for so many years. There really wasn't any chance of his winning the Protheroe prize—let alone the fact he could never bear to put a rope on Black Prince's neck—but if it would make the folks feel better. . . .

"All right, I'll go," he told his mother.

Gil didn't sleep well that night. He dreamed of going off to school, leading Black Prince by a fine new halter. But it wasn't a pleasant dream and when Gil woke up he wished he hadn't said he would ride in the Protheroe hunt.

As soon as breakfast was over, however, he saddled his old cow pony, Rex, and put the thick meat sandwich Ma had fixed for him inside his buttoned denim jacket. He wore scarred and scuffed old leather chaps to protect his legs if the chase should lead through heavy brush, and his father's old broad-brimmed hat.

The sun was lifting a cautious eye above the eastward peaks, when Gil, completing the five-mile climb, reined his pony through the dew-drenched grass of the high flat meadow where the Protheroe hunt was now assembled.

Gil knew everybody there, except a short and bulbous man who was riding with the elder Fealy. Young Jim Fealy was there, of course, on his thoroughbred, and several other cowboys rode mounts that were notable for speed. It was just as Gil had thought it would be, and it sort of let him out, he reasoned, feeling glad deep inside. Raising his hand in silent answer to the shouted greetings, he took his place with the other riders.

Then Lou Protheroe came riding up, important on his tall, black horse, and raised a large authoritative palm.

"Now, folks," Lou said, "just a few instructions. I've had some boys out here all night keeping tabs on the two wild horses. They're grazing in a little draw, up near the head of Canyon Creek. We're going up there, and when I signal, the boys will start the outlaws down our

way. When they break from cover, we'll chase 'em up across the flats toward the fence I've built across that narrow neck of land between Devil's Gulch and Big Arroyo. With you *hombres* coming up behind, we'll have 'em neatly trapped. Then it's just a question of who will be the lucky jigger to slip his noose around a thousand dollars—or half of that, if you snag the sorrel."

Protheroe's smile flashed, and the assembled cowboys yelled and waved their broad-brimmed hats.

Gil thought: I hope the Black Prince fools 'em.

And it wasn't sour grapes, either, for the closer the moment came when those two wild creatures would be imprisoned, the less Gil could bear it.

He tailed the laughing bunch up to the flat below the gulch where the outlaws grazed, pulling Rex to the farthest end as they ranged their horses in one long line.

When Protheroe raised his gun and fired, the following minutes seemed to Gil to stretch (Continued on page 25)



To a Cat

First Poetry Award

Sleek and subtle image of the orient,
Brooding silently in sun-flecked grass
With tawny eyes half-closed.
Svelte sultan with sneering nose;
You tolerate our affections with regal
Complacency, and purr because you know
That you are loved.

Many moods have you, oh slender Maltese.
At night you lurk in tall willows,
Crouching there on broad haunches
Only to stalk away on velvet-padded tread.
The sinewy ripple in your lithe and supple
Body, and you glide with shadowy grace,
Like a cloud that moves in counter motion
Across the pallid moon.

King incarnate, and meticulous
Monarch of the orient,
What think you of us mortals,
As you lie in feline splendor
In your realm of catnip and field mice?
HAZEL GUNTHNER (age 17) Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dishwashing Is an Art

First Nonfiction Award

Being the family dishwasher for the past few years I had naturally become quite allergic to it, so I was pondering a way to shift the job to the shoulders of my young-



FIRST ART AWARD:

CAMILLA WRIGHT (age 13) Princeton, West Virginia

er brother. I had come up with some ve-e-ry cl-e-ev-er ideas when the light dawned. "Young lady," I said to myself, "you're being foolish. Dishwashing isn't a task, it is an art."

I then proceeded to work out a system by which all amateur dishwashers would end up with such sparkling kitchens that people would be sure that they were professionals. My system is as follows:

From the start all people trying to perfect the fine art of dishwashing should remember that common courtesy is a big help. Try to make it easier for the people who do the drying, putting away, etc. You can do this by following these few simple rules:

1. Group the dishes so that cups are alongside other cups, plates are on top of, or near, other plates, pots are near other pots, and so forth. This makes it easier to put them away.

2. Have the silverware on the side of the sink nearest the silverware drawer, thus saving many steps for the person who is drying.

3. Turn dishes, cups, glasses, and things of that nature upside down so that the water runs off and the person who is drying does not need a new dry towel for each dish.

Have a few simple tools (not necessary but



FIRST ART AWARD:

LEONA TAYLOR (age 15) East Orange, New Jersey



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

JUDITH HOLMES (age 12) Plymouth, Massachusetts

makes it easier) handy. Steel wool, a clean rag, and a can of cleanser are all you need. Wash small areas of whatever you are washing at a time and do NOT proceed to the next area until you are sure the present one is clean.

A common failing among most amateur dishwashers is that they try to clear all the dishes off the table and crowd them all in the sink. This makes it much harder. Having put water in the pots to soak and cleared the food from the table you start by placing the glasses, cups, saucers, pitchers, and bowls in the sink. Wash these and place them on the sink, remembering rules numbers one and three in courtesy. The reason for washing these first is to keep the sink from getting all greasy. It is normally necessary to use your clean rag only for this step.

The next step is to wash your plates. For

this it may be necessary to use both your steel wool and your cleanser.

Your pots, if they are anything like the ones in our family, require plenty of cleanser, a new piece of steel wool, and lots of "elbow grease."

When washing off the table, stove, and sink, remove all crumbs, scraps of food, napkins, etc., first. Then, using your cleanser and the rag, wash carefully and rinse.

That is all there is

to it.

P. S. Anyone know where I can get hold of an electric dishwasher cheap?

ILAOJO NARENS (age 13) Chicago, Illinois

The Fantasy

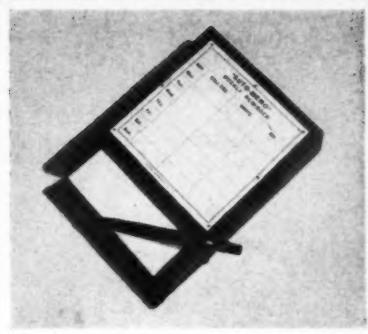
First Fiction Award

I first saw Spring on an early morning in April. She was dancing, slim and willowy, up the garden path, singing the song of the birds. Her voice was all the sweet sounds that one hears in spring: the sigh of the evening breeze, the tinkle of water running over the stones, and the melody of the feathered friends. A pale, blue-white mist surrounded her; she was clothed in a long, flowing garment, simple yet dazzlingly white. Her tiny slippers seemed merely to brush the ground as she glided down the path, stopping now and then to brush a flower or a leaf

(Continued on page 56)



Look at all the wonderful presents
the little pig has collected
for holiday giving and getting!



Attractive accessories for any wardrobe, two scarves of pure silk from Baar & Beards. One is trimmed with fake pearls; the other has a scalloped edge. Each \$1.83. In all colors at Macy's, New York City 1

THIS LITTLE PIG



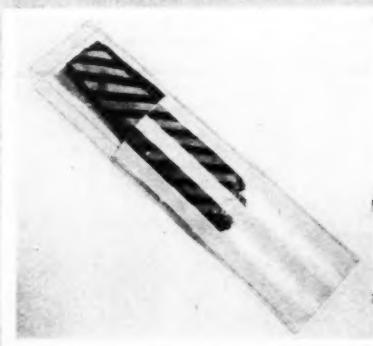
WENT TO MARKET

Welcome addition to your desk, a genuine-leather memo pad. Surface is re-usable, for it wipes clean with cloth or tissue. \$2.95. Brown, green, or red. Here's How, 160 East 38th Street, New York City 16

Ty-pack is a very handy gadget to prevent neckties from wrinkling. It comes with its own satin-striped plastic case. \$1.98. M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59th Street, New York City 22



Taffeta twosome in navy and wine. A double eyeglass case, \$1.95, and a sewing kit with a jewelry pocket, \$2.95. Beaumont Distributors, 133 Lexington Avenue, New York City 16



Mittens for the small fry that are granitized and water-proof. Ribbed-latex knit wristlets. Red, brown, and green, sizes small to x-large. Granitized, Framingham, Mass.



THIS LITTLE PIG



STAYED HOME

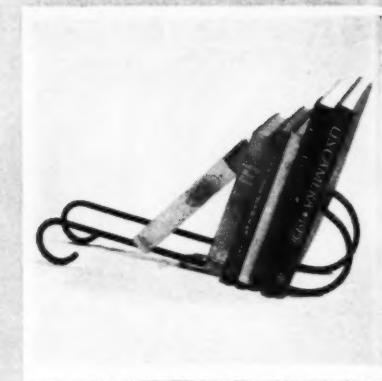
THIS LITTLE PIG



HAD ROAST BEEF



Lovely perfume bottles for the modern miss. Made of heavy plastic blocks and etched with flowers, each has an atomizer top. Jane Art Sales Corp., 79-10 Albion Avenue, Elmhurst, N. Y. \$3.98 each



A gift to delight every bookworm is this free-form modern bookrack which holds fifteen to eighteen books. It's \$3.50 in wrought iron, \$4.50 in brass. Haig Giftware, 335 East 23rd Street, New York City 10

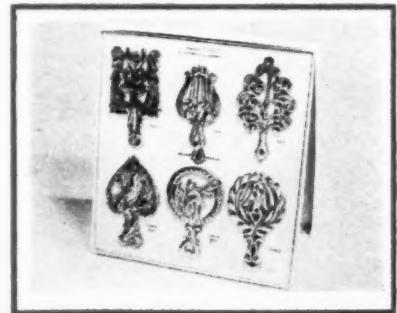
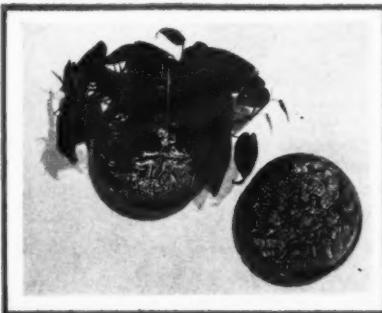


Decorate your table with this beautiful reed basket with cozy to keep buns warm. \$2.25. Set of old-fashioned apothecary jars, one for cookies, the other for candy. \$2.25. Haig Giftware, 335 East 23rd Street, New York City 10



Shell-shaped butter dish with its own server has a removable glass plate. \$2.95. The jelly or mayonnaise dish comes with a colored bowl. \$2.75. Both in brass or copper at Art Colony, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City 3

For modern or traditional settings, a set of handsome polished brass planters etched with scenes from medieval life. Suitable for philodendron or ivy. \$5.25 the set. From Art Colony, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City 3

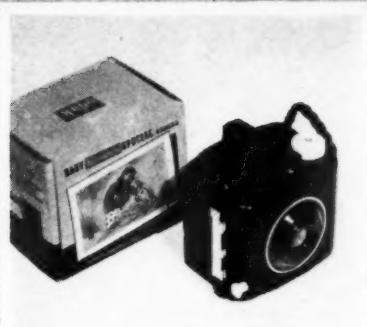


Your hostess will be especially pleased with this beautifully packaged set of solid-brass miniature trivets, each with a different pattern. Give one or a set. \$4.95 a set. At Art Colony, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City 3



this
holds
in
are.
10

Busy little housekeepers will be thoroughly pleased with this useful toy. Bissell's Little Queen sweeper looks and works exactly like Mother's carpet sweeper. It's available for \$2.69 at Rich's, Atlanta.



Kodak's Baby Brownie special camera is an ideal gift for a member of the young crowd. Simple to operate, it's small enough to be carried anywhere and everywhere. \$2.85. Bloomingdale's, New York City 22



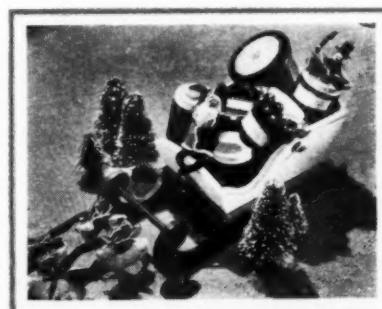
For the lady of the house, a delicate hand-made tea apron of cotton batiste with two pockets. Available in gay, colorful patterns. \$1.75 from Variety Corner, 165 Jefferson Avenue, Roslyn Heights, New York



4 (12 ounce) boxes frozen strawberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle Certo
Place thawed strawberries in pan. Add lemon juice, sugar. Mix. Place over high heat, bring to a boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in Certo. Skim off foam with metal spoon. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Ladle into glasses. Cover the jam at once with $\frac{1}{8}$ inch hot paraffin.



2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups sweetened condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnut meats
 $\frac{1}{6}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed wheat flakes
Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add milk. Stir until mixture thickens. Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients. Mix. Spread in greased 8x8x2 inch pan. Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Makes about 30. Nuts or coconut may be used for garnish, if desired.





THIS LITTLE PIG CRIED
"WHEE, WHEE!"
ALL THE WAY HOME



Left: An old-fashioned nightie by Slumbertogs. Of cotton challis and delicately printed with rosebuds, it has ribbon and eyelet trim at neck and yoke. Blue or pink. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$4, Higbee Co., Cleveland



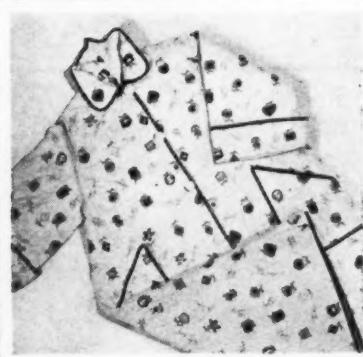
Right: Jacket of Zelan-treated poplin has a full-length zipper, two large, patch pockets, and a removable emblem. Sleeves have button cuffs. Sizes 10-20. In blue or green, \$5.50 at your local Girl Scout Equipment Agency Store



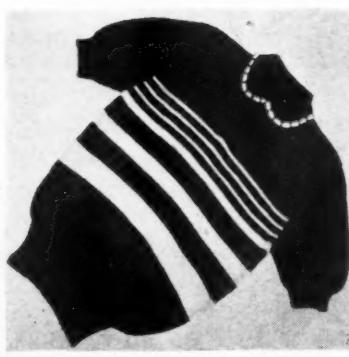
Left: Slippers by OOmphies. Terry wedge scuff, about \$3, corduroy slipper about \$5, in all colors at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Backless scuff in multicolors, about \$4.50. Macy's, New York City 1. Sizes 4-10, narrow and medium



Right: Water-repellent ski trousers by White Stag have a zipper fly front and set-in waistline. They are lined with plaid cotton flannel. Navy or red with white stitching. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$7. Auerbach's, Salt Lake City



Left: Dormitory Delight, Geisha's quilted-cotton duster imprinted with names and emblems of fraternities and sororities. Guaranteed washable. In maize, white, red, sizes 10-16 teen, it's about \$8. Dayton Co., Minneapolis



Right: Dressed-up nylon pullover that's as practical as it is pretty with Peter Pan collar and three-button closing. Heather-brown or gray with white. Sizes 34-40. \$2.98. Famous Fashions, 63 West 23rd Street, New York City 10



Cold-Weather Casuals

Each Pattern 30¢



Drawing by Florence Maier

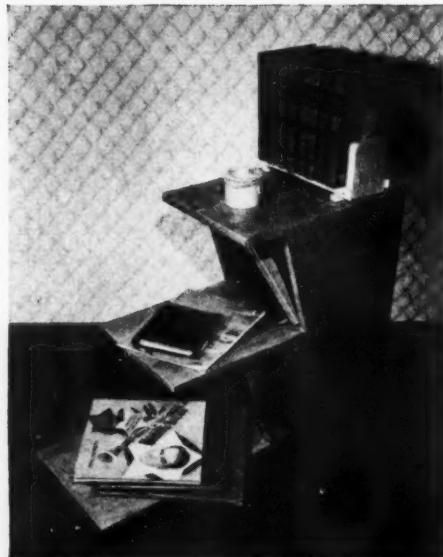
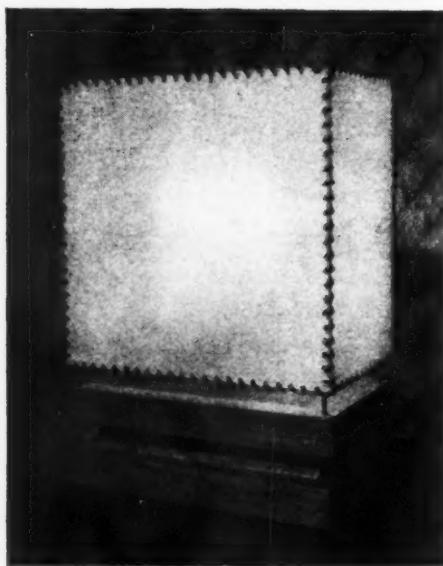
These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 54

4558: A Dan River wrinkle-resistant rayon would be a fashion-wise fabric choice for this new middy-effect design that narrows the look of your waist to thimble size. In 11-17 size range. Full skirt takes 2½ yards 35-inch fabric, contrasting bodice 1½ yards, for size 13

9283: Button, button who's got the button? You—on the shoulders of this smartly detailed style. Frosty-white collar and cuffs set off bright-checked cotton. You'll need 4½ yards 35-inch material for size 13; ½ yard contrasting fabric. Comes in sizes 11-17

9082: A new bib-and-tucker outfit with the accent on the bib. Shown here—bib in snowy piqué, contrasting with a bold, bright Dan River cotton plaid. Sizes are 10-16. For a size 12 dress you will need 4 yards of 35-inch material and ¾ yard contrasting fabric

9169: The ever-faithful skirt solves so many what-shall-I-wear problems. This one has unique pockets, the straight, slim look, and is made with no side seams. Try this in wool or winter cotton. One yard of 54-inch fabric is all you need. Waist sizes are 24-32



Designed Especially for You

by GENE DI SERNIA

Photos by Barry Kramen

Make-it-yourself magic for an ailing room. Made with the simplest of hand tools that are available in most homes—a handsaw, a hammer, brace and bit, and a nail punch. Any one of these attractive pieces can be completed in about ten hours of your spare time

- Imagine a bookcase that can be completely dismantled and moved in a matter of seconds. This handsome set consists of carefully finished pine boards and gaily painted cinder blocks. The blocks are available at your local supplier of building materials and cost approximately 25¢ each. This design can be adapted to fit any room space simply by increasing or decreasing the length of the boards. The combination of smooth and rough textures lends glamour to an otherwise prosaic piece of furniture. Total cost, not over \$5.50.

- Playing with blocks ceases to be a childlike occupation when you use the theory to build this beautiful lamp base. Designed to be used with any shade of your choice, the instructions for making the fiber-glass one shown here are included. (The frame of this one was made from an old coat hanger.) Shade is a bit more difficult to make than base, but a little patience will pay large dividends. Remember that the more time spent polishing any wood finish, the more professional the result. Base will cost about \$3; shade, about \$2.

- This sleek-looking step table plus a comfortable old chair equals a reading-music corner all your own. It provides ample storage space for records and books, and the top could serve as a phonograph stand. Easy to construct, its beauty is derived entirely from simple lines and a highly polished finish. Quality materials, including the best-grade pine, paint, nails, and sandpaper, will not cost more than \$6. (Prices quoted throughout are based on New York City prices as we go to press. Costs in your own community may vary slightly.)

For free, simple instructions on how to make these items send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Design Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Dear Good Grooming Editor:

by FAY ALCOTT

SO MANY of your letters to us have started with just this phrase! Here are the answers to some of the questions you, our readers, have asked again and again in your wonderful letters to **THE AMERICAN GIRL**.

1. What can I do about blackheads?

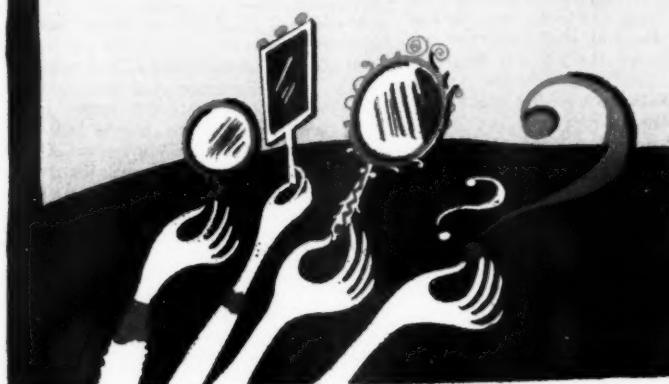
Blackheads are a result of a disorder of the glands of the skin which secrete an oily substance called sebum. During the changes which take place in your body during adolescence, these glands often become overactive, produce more than the normal amount of sebum with the result that the pores become clogged and the surface accumulation darkens, dirt sticks to it, and you have a blackhead. If bacteria become involved and infection sets in, you have a pimple. If you have blackheads, it is very important that you take every possible care of your skin from the point of view of cleanliness, to keep them from becoming infected. Once infection starts, the possibility of acne developing can be something to worry about.

Cleanliness is the answer, both inside and out. Many doctors advise a diet free of rich foods, fried and sweet; much drinking of liquids such as milk and fruit juices. In short, take care to make your diet well-balanced. This sort of diet aids elimination which in turn cleanses

the blood stream. If blackheads have already formed, take great care in washing your face with warm water and a mild, unscented soap. It is well to use as little make-up as possible until your skin is clear, but if you do use powder, then clean it off at night with cream or a creamy lotion before washing your face thoroughly with soap and water. The best way to avoid blackheads is to keep your skin so clean that they never have a chance to form!

2. How can I keep my nails from splitting?

Unless you have some basic weakness of health or a serious fault in your metabolism (the process which turns food into the materials used to form your body) split nails can be cured with proper care. File them short, but shape them to "fit" the top of your finger tips, being careful not to go too far down at the corners. It is better to use an emery board rather than a steel file for this—you are less likely to make further cracks. Apply oil to your nails every night and, if possible, sleep with an old pair of cotton gloves on your hands to keep the oil from rubbing off on the bedclothes. Do not use strong soaps or detergents at any time. If it is necessary for you to keep your hands in water for any length of time, dry your hands and nails thoroughly as quickly as possible after, and use (Continued on page 32)



Drawing by Clare McCanns



A FRITTER is an accommodating kind of food, making itself at home in any meal, or in an in-between quickie. It is the perfect answer to that "What-can-we-have-that's-different?" problem, for everything from a main dish to a crisp, hot dessert.

Fritters are quick and easy to make. The temperature of the fat in which they are cooked is the thing to watch. Use a thermometer, or the bread test. The temperature of the fat will be about right when a one-inch cube of bread browns in fifty seconds. Any bland, unsalted fat may be used. And remember, fritters are at their peak of goodness served piping hot.

We think you will find that some of the recipes our readers have sent in for this issue will give a wonderful lift to your fall and winter meals. Try them soon.

For the February, 1953, issue we would like you to send us recipes for refreshments—food or drink—for February parties. That means Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays, Valentine's Day, and, since it is also the Girl Scouts' International Month, parties with an international theme. With the recipes we will publish an article on the kind of cookery featured in the issue. If your recipe has been especially helpful or valuable to you in some way, write us a letter about it and send it with your recipe. The author of the article may wish to quote from your letter. For every recipe printed in the magazine, we will pay \$1.00. See page 32 for details.

OBEL PUFFS

Connie says that this is a genuine Pennsylvania-Dutch recipe.

1 cup flour	1/2 cup milk
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	2 medium-size, sour apples
1/4 teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
1 egg	

Sift together first three ingredients. Combine well-beaten egg and milk and add to flour mixture, stirring until just blended. Pare, core, and cut apples into narrow slivers. Sift sugar over apples. Add apples to batter. Drop by teaspoonfuls into deep, hot fat (365-375°) in a skillet, and cook 2 to 5 minutes, or until golden brown on one side. Turn and brown on other side. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with plenty of syrup, as a dessert, or with sausage for breakfast or luncheon.

Sent by CONNIE RICHARDS, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

FRITTERS

By JUDITH MILLER

HEART-OF-GOLD FRITTERS

Here is a way to glamorize carrots. Try these for a cold-weather luncheon dish.

1 egg	1 cup flour
1/2 cup milk	1 teaspoon melted butter
1/2 teaspoon salt	Cooked carrots

Beat egg, add milk, and mix well. Add salt and flour and beat until smooth. Add melted butter. Dip small cooked carrots (cut large ones into smaller pieces) into batter. Fry in deep, hot fat (375°) until a delicate brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve very hot, with crisp bacon and, if you like, chili sauce.

Sent by SUSAN E. BIRUM, Albert City, Iowa

HUNGARIAN DELICATE FRITTERS

A delicious cooky or cruller-type fritter that may be served warm or cold.

6 egg yolks	1 teaspoon ground cardamom seed
1/2 cup sugar	2 egg whites
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 cups sifted flour
1/2 cup cream	Confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon lemon extract	

Beat egg yolks, sugar, and salt together until light and lemon-colored. Add cream, flavoring, cardamom seed, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Add flour and mix thoroughly. Chill in refrigerator several hours, or overnight. On a lightly floured board, roll out 1/8 inch thick and cut into diamond shapes about 2 inches long. Cut a slit near the top point of each diamond, and draw the opposite point through the slit. Fry in deep, hot fat (360°) until golden brown. Drain, and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes about eight dozen.

Sent by JULIANA PACHE, Sharpsville, Pennsylvania

CELERY FRITTERS

Served with a savory tomato sauce, and a light sprinkling of chopped chives, these will lift a vegetable plate way out of the ordinary.

2 eggs	3/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups chopped, cooked celery	Dash pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley	1/2 teaspoon soda
	1 teaspoon warm water
	1/2 cup fine bread crumbs

Beat eggs; mix with celery, parsley, salt, and pepper. Dissolve soda in warm water; add to celery mixture. Add bread crumbs and shape mixture into cakes. Fry in deep, hot fat (375°) until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. This will make about 12 fritters.

Sent by SYLVIA ANDORFER, Richmond, Virginia

CHICKEN-LUNCHEON FRITTERS

Condensed cream of mushroom or cream of chicken soup, thinned to sauce consistency and seasoned ever so lightly with curry powder, makes a grand sauce to serve over these fritters.

1 cup flour	1/2 cup milk
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup minced chicken
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons chopped parsley
1/8 teaspoon pepper	1/4 teaspoon grated onion
1 egg	1/2 cup salad oil

Sift together first four ingredients. Combine well-beaten egg and milk; add to flour mixture, stirring just enough to dampen flour. Fold in chicken, parsley, and onion. Heat salad oil in large skillet over medium heat for 3 minutes. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls into hot oil. Fry 2 minutes on each side, or until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serves 6.

Sent by JACQUELINE NESE, Jersey City, New Jersey

COTTAGE-CHEESE FRITTERS

These nutritious fritters have soft, moist centers and crispy crusts.

1 cup flour	1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup cottage cheese
	1/4 cup milk

Mix flour, baking powder, and salt; sift. Cut in butter. Beat egg until light, add cottage cheese, and beat with rotary butter until thoroughly blended. Stir in milk. Add flour mixture and stir lightly, just enough to blend. Drop by teaspoonfuls into deep, hot fat (375°) and cook until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with fruit sauce, such as cherry or orange, or with maple syrup.

Sent by DOLORES KLOKA, Detroit, Michigan

BLUEBERRY FRITTERS

Diced banana, apple, peaches, or other berries may be substituted for the blueberries.

(Continued on page 30)

Beautiful and Free

(Continued from page 15)

as tight as banjo wire. Every eye, along with his, strained toward the opening of the draw where the Prince and his mate would appear. And it wasn't long until Gil saw them, bursting startled from the brush.

On a grassy knoll, limned against the cobalt blue of the morning sky, they paused at sight of that line of riders.

The stallion's coat gleamed black as water under winter ice, the heavy mane floating like a dusky cloud from the high arched neck, the long black tail barely clearing the rocky ground. And by his side, just as beautiful in her way, stood the clean-limbed, round-bodied little mare, glowing embossed where the sun's first rays touched her sorrel coat; her sweeping mane and fanning tail the color of a cup of well-creamed coffee.

A gasp of awe and admiration ran down the line of waiting riders. Then, like dynamited earth, suddenly and with a roar, the line belched forth in hot pursuit.

As the outlaws stood for another second, it seemed to Gil that the mare looked doubtfully toward her partner. But every line of the Prince was defiant, his head flung high and nostrils flaring, while clear above the cowboy yells and the thunder of their horses' hoofs, Gil could hear his challenging trumpet call.

Black Prince dipped his nose to touch the mare's. Then the two were off like triggered bullets, leaving the scattered field of riders streaming far behind.

Gil, on his ancient horse, transfixed, incapable of motion, knew that the speed which had so often saved them would only bring them faster, now, to the fate in store for them.

And now Gil, too, spurred his pony across the flat and, as he topped a little rise, he could see the race strung out ahead.

Black Prince was just a thin black streak; the mare a flash of tossing mane; and Jim Fealy on his thoroughbred was still a good half mile behind. There was no one close to Jim, and Gil knew that the Prince was already his. For when the outlaws reached the fence and, finding themselves hemmed between the two deep gulches, were forced to turn, Jim would be there with his lariat.

That was something, Gil decided, that he simply could not bear to see. On sudden impulse, he reined his mount across the rim of Big Arroyo, which was shallow here at its lower end. Having gained the sandy bottom, Gil spurred Rex up the smooth, flat floor with no other purpose in his mind than to feel the clean, cold rush of morning wind against his face and forget a little, if he could, what was happening up there on the flat.

As Gil rode up it, the arroyo deepened, till finally its eroded banks rose sheer and clifflike to the rim, and all his upward glance could find was a slice of sky with a small white cloud adrift on its untroubled blue.

Then he saw the fence where it joined the gulch to make a trap for the two wild horses. He listened for some sound from above. But all was quiet, and Gil surmised that when the cornered outlaws struck the fence they had turned away toward Devil's Gulch, on the other side—or they might even

(Continued on page 28)

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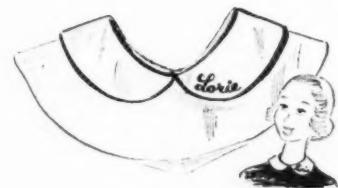


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by JONNI BURKE
 Drawings by Lila Weil



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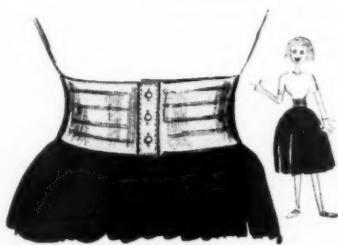
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Beautiful and Free (Continued from page 25)

be racing back, in sheer defiance, toward that line of riders.

Gil left his saddle and found a seat on a nearby rock. Perhaps, if the outlaws did break back and Fealy missed them, it would give the tail-end men a chance. If that happened, Dad would blame him for not being there. Someone would rope the horses sure enough, and maybe he had been a chump, sneaking off like this. A chicken-hearted guy like him probably never would get to school.

Then, so suddenly it made him jump, he heard a close-up repetition of the great black stallion's unforgettable, trumpeting challenge.

Leaping hastily to his feet, Gil gazed upward, and there above him on the rim saw the wide, red nostrils and gleaming eyes of the cornered Prince. And now, beside that proud black head, appeared the froth-flecked nose of the little sorrel, quivering nostrils widespread in terror, and panic-stricken, liquid gaze fixed intently on her mate.

For one brief, disdainful instant, Black Prince glanced back across his shoulder, then touched the sorrel's nose with his, in command and encouragement so clear that it seemed to Gil the Prince had spoken. In the next split second, the stallion leaped—a jump that no man in his wildest fancy would dream a horse could make.

Not a dozen feet from where the boy stood, the outlaw stallion struck the arroyo bottom, a blur of black, slashed by four whitely-gleaming hoofs. Gil shut his eyes, believing that when he looked he would see the Black Prince lying dead.

Then he heard the stallion call again, and opening his eyes, saw the Prince unhurt, and realized that the streak of red flashing downward between himself and the strip of sky was the mare, who had followed her lord and master.

But now, as the red streak came to earth, both the slender forelegs buckled, and with a little moaning cry, the mare went over on her side.

Black Prince, already turned for flight, was caught back instantly by the sound, and Gil stood frozen as he saw the stallion dip his nose and hold it long against his mate's. There was no hope for the mare, Gil thought, and believed Black Prince knew it, too.

Gil could have run to fetch his rope from where his prick-eared pony stood, not a dozen feet away. He could have flung his loop easily about Black Prince's drooping neck, and the stricken stallion would not have stirred. The thought flashed into Gil's mind, but he didn't ponder it long. All his attention was centered on the dreadful plight of the sorrel mare.

A sound, intruding from above, broke the spell—for Gil, at least. Looking up, he saw Jim Fealy on his thoroughbred, and other men behind him—Protheroe, and the elder Fealy, and the short fat man Gil didn't know.

A sudden rage welled up in Gil as he saw Jim Fealy grab his rope. The Prince had heard—he must have heard, with those ears attuned to the slightest sound—but he stood his ground by the fallen mare, an easy and a certain target for the loop that Jim was hastily building.

In a blur, Gil saw Jim swing and throw, saw the rope uncoil and angle downward. In another instant, that hissing and distended loop would close about Black Prince's neck—that drooping black neck, no longer proud and arched with triumph.

In that instant, Gil came to life. Leaping wildly from the clump of brush which had sheltered his observation point, he swung his father's old black hat, jumping wildly up and down and screaming as if his lungs would burst, "Run! Run, Black Prince! You've got to run!"

Startled, the stallion turned his head, and Jim Fealy's hissing loop slid harmlessly down a sleek black shoulder.

Gil could hear Jim's shouted curse. Protheroe was swearing, too. But Gil didn't care. For mingled with their shouts was another sound—the sudden flurry of scrambling hoofs, as the red mare, panicked by all the noise, rose to her unsteady legs—legs not broken, after all—legs she could move on slowly now—then more swiftly, as the Black Prince, circling, nipped her gently on the flank. And then, in a wonderful rising thunder of drumming hoofs, the two of them were making off down the sandy floor of Big Arroyo.

It was some time before the men above could circle down to the spot where Gil was numbly waiting. He wasn't sure what they would do. They might even put him in jail for this. Yet he had never felt so glad, and sort of right and good inside. And when they all came pounding up, Gil stood his ground.

"The Prince was really mine," he said, in answer to Jim Fealy's accusation. "I could have put my loop around his neck long before you showed up. But I wanted him to get away, and I'm glad he did."

Both Protheroe and the Fealys were black with anger and making threats. At last, however, they drifted off. Then the short, fat man came up to Gil with outstretched hand.

"I'm fond of horses, too," he said. "I'd like to know you better, son. I've made excuses to Fealy, and I'd like to ride along to your place for dinner if you'll invite me."

Gil said, "All right. I know the folks will be glad to have you." But the folks, Gil thought, would be disappointed in their son, and sorry about the prize—not understanding how a boy could want a thing as much as he had wanted to go off to school, then have his chance, and let it go.

The fat man's name was Myers. But it wasn't till late in the afternoon that Gil learned he was the cattle buyer whom Dad had failed to land.

At the dinner table, all the talk had been about the hunt and the two wild horses. Finally Gil had left to do his chores. Myers was gone when he came back, and his father was waiting impatiently to tell him that though Myers had signed for the Fealy cattle, he had bought Dad's, too, this afternoon—every last one that was fit for market.

When Dad handed the check to Gil, his voice was husky. "It's yours—for school," he said. And Ma's eyes were brimming with joyful tears.

That made it pretty hard for Gil. After all, when a fellow is almost a grown man, and going away to school, he can't be blubbering in front of folks.

THE END

Get Out the Vote

(Continued from page 13)

that you may speak up when needed. Remember, no service is too small.

But—in a short time the tumult and the shouting, the parades and fever-pitch excitement will be part of the past. A President will have been elected according to the mandate of the people. What then, for you? Do you mentally retire from the picture, curl up and concentrate on your own personal thoughts and dreams, saying, "Well, that's over—no more politics for another four years."

Of course you don't. You've had a taste of the importance of our democratic processes, you've savored their significance. You are ready now to begin seriously cultivating your convictions, filling in with facts and figures, developing your own good judgment for the day when you become a voting citizen. Make a start by brushing aside some of the not-always-pleasant meanings occasionally associated with the word "politics." (There are some people who do not bother to vote because, they say in a derogatory tone of voice, "All voting is politics." They are probably thinking only of "bad" politics). In its true sense the word "politics" means "the science and art of government."

You can begin your study of this science and art by learning all you can about your local government. Of course it's not so dazzling as government on the grand national scale; but don't overlook the fact that this is the spot where government begins—in your community with your friends and you. The whole complicated, interwoven, towering structure of our government rests on the broad base of the people of the United States. In the final analysis the government is you.

Read the magazines and newspapers, listen to your radio, watch television broadcasts. And ask questions, even if you think they are rather simple ones, for even the wisest of heads may be temporarily thrown off balance by a fundamental question like this: "Who is eligible to vote?" You know the answer—a citizen of the United States. But, who are citizens? According to the Constitutional Amendment XIV, Section I, "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." Surely there is nothing complicated about this qualification, but do you know how it applies to the American Indian, the residents of Puerto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska?

Here's another stumbling block for many people, young and old: "What is this business of registration?" In many places registration before an election is a prerequisite to casting a vote. Some States have a poll tax. A call to your city hall or county courthouse will set you straight on your local situation.

Once you have really delved into this science of politics, your school will provide a ready-made situation in which you and your classmates can test your knowledge and broaden your ideas. You can do this by running your school elections strictly according to legal procedures. Say you're about to elect a president of the senior council. Plan a campaign for each nominee—complete with speeches, publicity, posters, parades. Set aside a registration day; work out convenient polling places for election day. (And

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Beautiful and Free (Continued from page 25)



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Then, so suddenly it made him jump, he heard a close-up repetition of the great black stallion's unforgettable, trumpeting challenge.

Leaping hastily to his feet, Gil gazed upward, and there above him on the rim saw the wide, red nostrils and gleaming eyes of the cornered Prince. And now, beside that proud black head, appeared the froth-flecked nose of the little sorrel, quivering nostrils widespread in terror, and panic-stricken, liquid gaze fixed intently on her mate.

For one brief, disdainful instant, Black Prince glanced back across his shoulder, then touched the sorrel's nose with his, in command and encouragement so clear that it seemed to Gil the Prince had spoken. In the next split second, the stallion leaped—a jump that no man in his wildest fancy would dream a horse could make.

Not a dozen feet from where the boy stood, the outlaw stallion struck the arroyo bottom, a blur of black, slashed by four whitely-gleaming hoofs. Gil shut his eyes, believing that when he looked he would see the Black Prince lying dead.

Then he heard the stallion call again, and opening his eyes, saw the Prince unhurt, and realized that the streak of red flashing downward between himself and the strip of sky was the mare, who had followed her lord and master.

But now, as the red streak came to earth, both the slender forelegs buckled, and with a little moaning cry, the mare went over on her side.

Black Prince, already turned for flight, was caught back instantly by the sound, and Gil stood frozen as he saw the stallion dip his nose and hold it long against his mate's. There was no hope for the mare, Gil thought, and believed Black Prince knew it, too.

Gil could have run to fetch his rope from where his prick-eared pony stood, not a dozen feet away. He could have flung his loop easily about Black Prince's drooping neck, and the stricken stallion would not have stirred. The thought flashed into Gil's mind, but he didn't ponder it long. All his attention was centered on the dreadful plight of the sorrel mare.

A sound, intruding from above, broke the spell—for Gil, at least. Looking up, he saw Jim Fealy on his thoroughbred, and other men behind him—Protheroe, and the elder Fealy, and the short fat man Gil didn't know.

A sudden rage welled up in Gil as he saw Jim Fealy grab his rope. The Prince had heard—he must have heard, with those ears attuned to the slightest sound—but he stood his ground by the fallen mare, an easy and a certain target for the loop that Jim was hastily building.

In a blur, Gil saw Jim swing and throw, saw the rope uncoil and angle downward. In another instant, that hissing and distended loop would close about Black Prince's neck—that drooping black neck, no longer proud and arched with triumph.

In that instant, Gil came to life. Leaping wildly from the clump of brush which had sheltered his observation point, he swung his father's old black hat, jumping wildly up and down and screaming as if his lungs would burst, "Run! Run, Black Prince! You've got to run!"

Startled, the stallion turned his head, and Jim Fealy's hissing loop slid harmlessly down a sleek black shoulder.

Gil could hear Jim's shouted curse. Protheroe was swearing, too. But Gil didn't care. For mingled with their shouts was another sound—the sudden flurry of scrambling hoofs, as the red mare, panicked by all the noise, rose to her unsteady legs—legs not broken, after all—legs she could move on slowly now—then more swiftly, as the Black Prince, circling, nipped her gently on the flank. And then, in a wonderful rising thunder of drumming hoofs, the two of them were making off down the sandy floor of Big Arroyo.

It was some time before the men above could circle down to the spot where Gil was numbly waiting. He wasn't sure what they would do. They might even put him in jail for this. Yet he had never felt so glad, and sort of right and good inside. And when they all came pounding up, Gil stood his ground.

"The Prince was really mine," he said, in answer to Jim Fealy's accusation. "I could have put my loop around his neck long before you showed up. But I wanted him to get away, and I'm glad he did."

Both Protheroe and the Fealys were black with anger and making threats. At last, however, they drifted off. Then the short, fat man came up to Gil with outstretched hand.

"I'm fond of horses, too," he said. "I'd like to know you better, son. I've made excuses to Fealy, and I'd like to ride along to your place for dinner if you'll invite me."

Gil said, "All right. I know the folks will be glad to have you." But the folks, Gil thought, would be disappointed in their son, and sorry about the prize—not understanding how a boy could want a thing as much as he had wanted to go off to school, then have his chance, and let it go.

The fat man's name was Myers. But it wasn't till late in the afternoon that Gil learned he was the cattle buyer whom Dad had failed to land.

At the dinner table, all the talk had been about the hunt and the two wild horses. Finally Gil had left to do his chores. Myers was gone when he came back, and his father was waiting impatiently to tell him that though Myers had signed for the Fealy cattle, he had bought Dad's, too, this afternoon—every last one that was fit for market.

When Dad handed the check to Gil, his voice was husky. "It's yours—for school," he said. And Ma's eyes were brimming with joyful tears.

That made it pretty hard for Gil. After all, when a fellow is almost a grown man, and going away to school, he can't be blubbering in front of folks.

THE END

Get Out the Vote

(Continued from page 13)

that you may speak up when needed. Remember, no service is too small.

But—in a short time the tumult and the shouting, the parades and fever-pitch excitement will be part of the past. A President will have been elected according to the mandate of the people. What then, for you? Do you mentally retire from the picture, curl up and concentrate on your own personal thoughts and dreams, saying, "Well, that's over—no more politics for another four years."

Of course you don't. You've had a taste of the importance of our democratic processes, you've savored their significance. You are ready now to begin seriously cultivating your convictions, filling in with facts and figures, developing your own good judgment for the day when you become a voting citizen. Make a start by brushing aside some of the not-always-pleasant meanings occasionally associated with the word "politics." (There are some people who do not bother to vote because, they say in a derogatory tone of voice, "All voting is politics." They are probably thinking only of "bad" politics). In its true sense the word "politics" means "the science and art of government."

You can begin your study of this science and art by learning all you can about your local government. Of course it's not so dazzling as government on the grand national scale; but don't overlook the fact that this is the spot where government begins—in your community with your friends and you. The whole complicated, interwoven, towering structure of our government rests on the broad base of the people of the United States. In the final analysis the government is you.

Read the magazines and newspapers, listen to your radio, watch television broadcasts. And ask questions, even if you think they are rather simple ones, for even the wisest of heads may be temporarily thrown off balance by a fundamental question like this: "Who is eligible to vote?" You know the answer—a citizen of the United States. But, who are citizens? According to the Constitutional Amendment XIV, Section I, "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." Surely there is nothing complicated about this qualification, but do you know how it applies to the American Indian, the residents of Puerto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska?

Here's another stumbling block for many people, young and old: "What is this business of registration?" In many places registration before an election is a prerequisite to casting a vote. Some States have a poll tax. A call to your city hall or county courthouse will set you straight on your local situation.

Once you have really delved into this science of politics, your school will provide a ready-made situation in which you and your classmates can test your knowledge and broaden your ideas. You can do this by running your school elections strictly according to legal procedures. Say you're about to elect a president of the senior council. Plan a campaign for each nominee—complete with speeches, publicity, posters, parades. Set aside a registration day; work out convenient polling places for election day. (And

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remember the time-honored rule—"No electioneering in vicinity of the polls.") Find out from your teachers, your local newspaper, civic organizations such as the League of Women Voters, just what an official ballot looks like; then recruit the aid of your art teacher and her classes in making up ballots for your mock election.

Perhaps you already have a citizenship club in your school. If not, here is your golden opportunity to start one. One of the club projects could be the study of a voting machine. You might round out this project by visiting the place where your local voting machines are kept. Perhaps a trial run at actually working one can also be arranged. Send ten cents to the Superintendents of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., and order a copy of the United States Constitution. Read part of it, now and then, in your club or out. It will help you to understand our form of government and where your place is in the scheme of things.

Most of all, remember that your mind is your own. How you shape your convictions and what they will be is strictly up to you. No one stands over you with a big stick saying, "Think this, or else . . . Do this or else . . ." You can believe and act on whatever seems right and reasonable according to your own heart and mind. This is so because the vote you are preparing yourself for, now, during your teens, is free.

Guarantee this freedom by taking part in the get-out-the-vote campaign in this presidential-election year. But more—make getting out the vote your most conscientious, personal responsibility for a lifetime.

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 24)



1 cup flour	2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder	2 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons water
	¾ cup blueberries

Sift together the dry ingredients. Combine well-beaten egg yolks with water and add to dry ingredients, mixing only until smooth. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into first mixture. Add blueberries. Drop by tablespoonfuls into deep, hot fat (350°-365°) and cook 2 to 5 minutes, or until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with powdered sugar or fruit sauce.

Sent by MARY Houser, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

FRANKFITTERS

A variation of our old friend, pigs-in-blankets, these make a hearty snack when served with chili sauce, pickle relish, or coleslaw.

1 egg	½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup milk	¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted shortening	6 frankfurters
½ cup flour	2 tablespoons prepared mustard

Beat egg; add milk and shortening. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; add to egg mixture. Split frankfurters lengthwise, and spread mustard on cut sides. Dip in batter and fry in deep, hot fat (375°) until brown.

Sent by PEGGY HARRIS, Jacksonville, Florida



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- Melt together 1 package (6-oz.) Hershey's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Dainties, 4 level tablespoons Durkee's Margarine (half of 1/4 lb. stick), in double boiler.
- Add.....3 tablespoons warm water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, to above.
- Sift.....3 level cups confectioners' sugar, dash of salt, into large mixing bowl.
- Mix.....1 cup Durkee's Stayfresh Coconut, or 1-5 oz. can Durkee's Dixie Cut Coconut, with sugar.
- Stir.....melted mixture into bowl of dry ingredients.
- Press....into 8" pan.
- If desired, top with coconut. Chill in refrigerator until set. Remove from refrigerator, cut into squares and serve. (Makes about 1 1/2 lbs.)

You'll say this is the best way yet to make extra money! It's easy, it's fun. And it's brand-new—so you have no competition!

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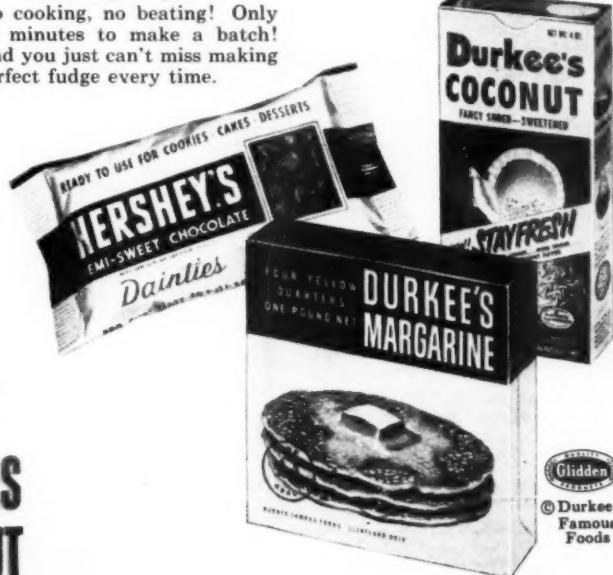
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CHEESE FRITTERS

These are wonderfully tasty—hearty, too—for luncheon or supper.

1 1/4 cups flour	1/2 pound cheese, grated (about 3 cups)
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard	1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons grated onion
1/8 teaspoon pepper	Bread crumbs
1 egg	
1 cup milk	

Sift flour, and measure; add mustard, salt, and pepper; sift again. Combine slightly beaten egg, milk, cheese, shortening, and onion. Add to dry mixture, stirring only until blended. Shape into small croquettes and roll in fine bread crumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat (365°-375°) until brown. Serve with tomato sauce and crisp bacon.

Sent by BARBARA BILSEY, Duluth, Minnesota

CLAM FRITTERS

This is a good Lenten dish, for which oysters may be used instead of clams, if you prefer.

1 pint clams	1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 1/2 cups flour	1/2 cup milk (or half milk and half clam juice)
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt	Lemon juice
1/8 teaspoon pepper	Worcestershire sauce

Clean clams, chop, and drain. Sift to-

February Recipe Exchange

Subject: February Holiday Parties

Date Due: November 20, 1952

3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

5. All recipes submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Dear Good-Grooming Editor (Continued from page 23)

either a creamy hand lotion or apply oil to the nails immediately. If the splitting continues, a visit to your doctor is certainly indicated. It may be that you lack calcium in your diet which he will prescribe for you in the proper quantity.

3. How can a girl wear long hair besides pulling it all together in back?

It all depends on what you mean by "long." Very long hair, that is hair that reaches well below the shoulders, can be worn braided and then pinned up around the head like a crown. Shoulder-length hair, if trained to lie smooth, looks very attractive worn in a page-boy effect. For this style you must have your hair cut by a professional. It should be cut slightly shorter over the ears and thinned out from underneath so that it lies flat on the top and sides of the head. Then the ends are rolled under in one large curl. Once you have arrived at the point where your hair holds its shape several

days at a time without nightly rolling up, it is a very easy and becoming way to wear it.

4. What colors and styles are good to wear when being photographed?

It depends upon the purpose for which you have the photograph taken. If it is to be a formal one, planned for Christmas presents to your family and close friends, for instance, you will probably want to wear your most dress-up dress. If this has a becoming neckline and is not too fussy in detail, that is a fine idea. But never wear anything for a photograph that takes away from your face, no matter how becoming the general effect is in real life. Do not wear a lot of bits and pieces of jewelry. They, too, detract from the face. Unless you have the sort of hair which looks its best immediately after washing, take care of this a day or two before the sitting. If your eyebrows are very light, the faintest touch of a pencil helps to

give them accent; a well-applied, not-too-dark lipstick does the same for your lips. Avoid cheek rouge—it just makes shadows where you don't want them to be. It is wise not to wear a dress with a printed pattern, under any circumstances. Makes you look like a crossword puzzle!

For school photographs, it is better to wear your most simple one-piece dress, again with a becoming neckline as the important reason for your choice. A blouse and skirt is not a good idea, for you will look cut in two at the middle if the photograph is full or three-quarter length. If it is what the old-fashioned photographers call a "bust portrait" (just your face and shoulders), a blouse, unless it is of a dark material, is usually too negative in line and tone to be a good contrast for you, yourself. All dark tones, including bright red, photograph black; and colors such as pink, turquoise, and light green come out white or almost white. Remember that and make sure that the background used makes an effective foil for the color you are wearing.

5. Please tell me how to get rid of freckles?

The only way you can remove freckles is by removing the cells of the skin which are thus marked. That sounds very drastic, doesn't it? But it is the truth. Freckles are caused by the active radiations of the sun reaching the lowest layer of the skin, where nature, to protect this most delicate layer from serious burning, increases the pigmentation or coloring matter to form a screen. Tanning is another "smoke screen" of nature's, but with blonds and redheads, the pigmentation is so slight that it can only make little spots. These we call freckles. As the layers of the skin grow out and the lowest cells are pushed out and disappear, the freckles disappear with them, unless you continue to stay in the sun, when the process will repeat itself indefinitely. The best way to stop freckles is by never giving them a chance to develop! Either stay out of the sun entirely, or use some form of protective lotion to intercept the freckle-making rays.

6. How can I keep my legs looking smooth and neat?

The quickest and easiest way to remove hair from your legs, since that is the most usual form of unsightliness, is with a safety razor. But this is the least effective from the point of view of long-lasting results. Since the razor blade cuts the hair off even with the skin surface, it soon grows back in, with blunt ends, to boot, which makes it doubly conspicuous. The next-most-simple method is to use a depilatory cream or paste which comes in a tube. Unless your hair growth is really objectionable, in the sense that it is both dark and thick, it is better never to start removing it at all. Once you start, the practice is something you must continue. It is better to begin keeping your legs attractive to look at by bleaching the hair with peroxide if the growth is scant, before you take to the more serious course of removal. Many girls, especially those who wear socks all winter, complain that their legs look rough and red, and that certainly isn't pretty. Hand lotion, used every night after your bath, is a help here. In bad weather, a heavier skin cream should be massaged on at night. In the morning give your legs a brisk rub with a rough towel to help the circulation.

THE END

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Her Own Fairy Godmother

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a girl named Marie Bellantoni who wanted more than anything else in the world to go to college and become a nurse—only her parents couldn't afford to send her. Now instead of languishing in her corner, Cinderellalike, Marie decided she would become her own fairy godmother, perform her own "miracle," make this all-important wish come true. And so, as she entered Port Chester Senior High School, she set about making things happen.

When we of the AMERICAN GIRL first met Marie in September, 1951, she was just another excited new member of the Fashion-Editorial Advisory Board, a group composed of Girl Scout representatives who meet each month to discuss and comment on the magazine. We knew nothing of her ideal, her plans for the future—but we weren't long in recognizing her "wonder girl" symptoms even then. In her own quiet-spoken way, she was always ready with a valuable comment on the fashions. Her particular problem added a new slant to the discussion on dating.

So, you see, we weren't really surprised when we first got word that Marie had graduated from high school with ten different awards—over \$2,000 worth of scholarships and prizes. There was the full-tuition scholarship to the College of Mount Saint Vincent on Hudson; an \$800 scholarship to Nazareth College, which she had to refuse; as well as a generous grant by the Teachers' Association of Port Chester. Truly a well-rounded girl, Marie's research and writing skill secured her five different prizes for essays on such varied subjects as cancer research, the United Nations, and the Constitution. Her outstanding work in Junior Achievement, as president of both Chemio Products and Port Chester Achievers' Association, won her still another scholarship; and as if this weren't enough, Bausch and Lomb surprised her by presenting her with their coveted medal for Honorary Science Work.

It was soon after we had heard all this exciting news that Marie paid us a visit and we finally learned about her dream to become a nurse and all about the hard-working fairy godmother who made it a reality—Marie's own spirit and will to succeed.

"Where there's a will, there'll always be a way," Marie said as she seated herself in the AMERICAN GIRL office. "Indomitable—isn't that what they call it?" She smiled and her flashing black-brown eyes reflected a

serious determination way beyond her years.

"You know, of course, the award I cherish most is the full-tuition scholarship to the College of Mount Saint Vincent. That will get me my Bachelor of Science in Nursing. I've always enjoyed working with people, you see, and being able to help others is a wonderful feeling. Nursing will give me a chance to combine my interest in science with the thrill of serving the community."

We understood her love for working with others when she told us about her ten years as a Mariner Scout in Port Chester, her record as past president of the Senior Planning Council, and the many wonderful summers she spent as counselor in a Girl Scout day camp. Her numerous extracurricular activities in school showed it too.

"The Mariners really made a sailor out of me," she admits. "I think I like sailing with my friends better than any other sport. Dances and square dances are fun, too. I don't go to movies much. Reading is one of my favorite pastimes, especially the classics, and anything by Henrik Ibsen."

You could never tell it by looking at her, but Marie just loves to eat—especially chicken and lobster—and she can cook, too. "I loved my job this summer," she laughed. "I was an ice-cream scooper and I made cotton candy at Playland. The money I earned is helping to pay my college expenses, and I met some of the most interesting people there, too." She smiled around the room, warmly addressing each of us. "If you like people, I think they automatically like you."

Marie's voice grows serious every time she speaks about the future. College will take her forty-eight straight months, with her summers in training in a hospital. She definitely wants to graduate and perhaps take a master's degree. Then she'll work and probably get married someday. Right now there's no steady beau but many friends whom she'll miss while she's away. She'll miss her family too—her fifteen-year-old sister Anna who's also a Mariner; her eleven-year-old brother Orazio; her mother; and her proud Daddy, who keeps a scrapbook of all her achievements.

And don't think we won't miss Marie at Board meetings, too! But we know that she's headed for a successful career in nursing and a host of exciting accomplishments. With a fairy godmother like hers, how can she possibly miss?

THE END



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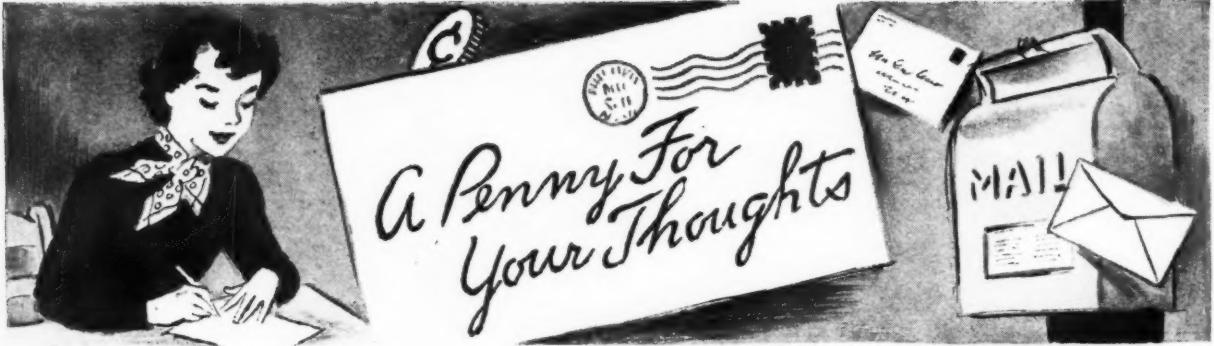


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ISLEWORTH, ENGLAND: I am a Girl Guide and have been one for three years now. Before that I was a Brownie.

I have been given a yearly subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by my pen pal who lives in Brooklyn. I think it is a very good magazine.

The *Jokes* are not very good though, but the stories are very enjoyable, especially the serial *The Wind Blows Free*. I like the fashions very much as one day I hope to be a fashion artist myself. I like the *By You* section and the recipes make my mouth water, but I cannot make any of the lovely things because we do not have such delicious ingredients over here. I like *Speaking of Movies* very much and I wish there were more about films in the magazine.

I only hope that my pal continues to send me this wonderful magazine next year.

PAMELA POTTER (age 14)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS: I thought *Beauty Curriculum* was a swell article. I'm sure it will come in useful in high school.

I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because of the wonderful variety of stories and features which are all very interesting and helpful.

The Wind Blows Free is simply terrific. And the *Jokes* are great. I would like to see an article on teen-age hair-dos for the different-shaped faces in one of your issues.

JUDITH M. DODSON (age 15)

LOCUST VALLEY, NEW YORK: I simply must congratulate Sharon Soules on her poem "Adolescence" in the *By You* section of the September issue. It contains so much meaning and is so sincere. Please send in more of your poems, Sharon.

I adore *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is the perfect magazine for teen-agers. Your stories are super and your articles are so wonderfully helpful. I intend to follow the advice given in *Beauty Curriculum*. It is such a good article. Please have loads more like it. And let's have a whole article on skin care.

I am going to get a clothes allowance this fall, so your fashions will be very helpful.

I spent almost three months in Italy this summer and had a wonderful time. I learned so much in such a nice way.

SANDRA BREWER (age 14)

LIMA, PERU: I am a Peruvian girl, and I attend an American school here in Lima.

I just received my first issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The fiction and fashions are wonderful. And I enjoyed the *Jokes* very much.

ELEANOR UILO (age 16)

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT: The story about Betty Zane's famous run was just marvelous and I read it over three times.

LYNN MCKENNA (age 14)

MERCED, CALIFORNIA: I liked the outfit on the September cover very much.

As I like to hike, *Merrily We Hike Along* interested me. I will be a freshman this year and I will start having lots of "horrid" homework. Thanks for your *Is Homework Your Hoodoo?*

I can't wait to read the conclusion of *The Wind Blows Free*.

JEANENE TAYLOR (age 14)

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: Your September cover is supercoolossal!

The Wind Blows Free is the best serial you've ever had.

For home-economics class at school we are going to use some of the darling, cute patterns you have shown.

HELEN ILER (age 12)
LETTY CRANSTON (age 11)

BARTON-ON-HUMBER, ENGLAND: We are two English girls who enjoy immensely your *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. Our American pen friends send us each issue. We think that the dresses are beautiful and we feel very envious of the American girls who are able to buy them at such low prices.

From your magazine, we are able to see how American people live, dress, and what delicious things they eat (*Recipe Exchange*).

The cover girls are very attractive and we are envious of their pretty dresses.

There are many helpful hints about make up, and *The Long and Short of It* gave us some very useful advice.

Altogether, we think your magazine is bang-on!

EILEEN SOUTHALL (age 15)
PAT FOSTER (age 15)

HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK: I liked *How Are You Going to Know?*, but I didn't think *Dear Marcy* was quite as good. I just love the coat on the cover of the September issue. I liked the crossword puzzle and look forward to more of them.

ADRIENNE C. ECK (age 15)

SMITHFIELD, OHIO: Three cheers for the article in your September issue, *Dear Marcy*. I wrote this letter as soon as I read it, to tell you how I enjoyed it, for I did this very thing myself.

I also enjoyed your article *Elizabeth Zane: Frontier Blockade Buster*, as my father was one of the school children who helped erect the statue you pictured.

I think your fashions are super. Why not have a story on stamp collecting, for it is my hobby?

ELEANOR MOORE (age 14)

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: Your stories *High-Wire Act* and *My Crazy Kid Brother*

were wonderful for I have both a younger and older brother!

As for your *Jokes*, I also think they are wonderful for there is always such a variety. I am making a scrapbook of your *Jokes* to give to a children's hospital for I am sure they will enjoy them as much as I do.

EMILY WALKER (age 14)

ATHENS, GREECE: I am a Greek girl, fourteen years old, and go to the Pierce College, Athens, Greece. That's, of course, one of the only two colleges in the whole Greece. I learned English at school and so I have a few pen pals in America. One of them from New Jersey sent me twelve issues of the 1950 *AMERICAN GIRL*. I liked it so much that I immediately asked for a year's subscription. While I was waiting for my own magazine to come, I thought that I would write to thank you for a lovely magazine.

I like all novels, recipes, and fashions. I especially like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I think I am the only Greek girl who wrote to thank you, but I'm sure that all Greek girls will write their opinions as soon as I give them to read your wonderful magazine. And that will be soon.

CHRISTINE HONVARDA (age 14)

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA: Your articles on good grooming are super. *Dear Marcy* really hit the nail on the head and is a lesson for all. Your magazine is so up-to-date on fashions, books, and everything. Articles like *Beauty Curriculum* and *Is Homework Your Hoodoo?* are of real value.

Your article on Elizabeth Zane makes history a pleasure to study.

CARLENE EBEL (age 13)

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK: *How Are You Going to Know?* was very good and *Prima Ballerina* was wonderful also. I like the serial *The Wind Blows Free* very much.

Elizabeth Zane: Frontier Blockade Buster was wonderful and I wish you would have more articles like that.

Beauty Curriculum, *Dear Marcy*, *Blueprint for Planning* and *Is Homework Your Hoodoo?* were among my favorites.

BARBARA L. TURNER (age 14)

LUDDENDEN, ENGLAND: I get this magazine every month from my pen pal in Chester. I think it is superb. We girls in England do get a paper called "Girl," but it is nothing to compare with your *AMERICAN GIRL*.

I thought *Double Date* was very good indeed. I enjoy most reading *By You*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, and *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. The fashions are very smart indeed.

I attend Calder High School at Mytholmroyd. This school is the only one of its kind

in the West Riding of Yorkshire, so really it is an experiment.

Our school colors are navy blue and gold. In winter we wear navy-blue skirts or gym slips, white blouses, and navy-blue cardigans, and school tie. No lipstick or make-up is allowed, and only the sixth-form girls wear silk stockings or nylons. It is a mixed school and I like going.

MILDRED RATCLIFFE (age 15)

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS: I find your beauty tips very helpful and your fashions are wonderful. I think your stories on teen-agers in other countries are very interesting.

KAREN HILSTROM (age 14)

MINERAL POINT, WISCONSIN: Kathie Delavan's "Our School Fire" in the *By You* section was especially interesting. I think that she should have gotten a first nonfiction award. The poem "Adolescence" was good too.

Prima Ballerina was wonderful! I love your patterns and the *Jokes*, although some of them are old.

I can't say I especially like the photography awards though.

BARBARA RASMUSSEN (age 13)

GLAMORGAN, WALES: I have had a few AMERICAN GIRL magazines sent to me by my pen friend who lives in St. Mary's, Pennsylvania. I think it is marvelous. I adored the stories *Simple Snowplow*, *Boys Don't Bite*, and especially *Wingie's City* and *A Girl Called Hank*. I thoroughly enjoyed the articles on cooking and dressmaking.

I live in a fairly large town which has the big Abbey Works. I have one brother who is nine.

I am very interested in America. I have pen pals there and last term we had an American geography master who has told me quite a lot. I wished I could have gone back to America with him.

BARBARA EVANS (age 14)

ROCHELLE, ILLINOIS: I've just read *Dear Marcy* in the September issue and I think that this heart-to-heart article is going to help many girls, including myself, more than any other article has, or will. I hope to see more of Beryl Williams' advice.

HELENA KAMINSKI (age 16)

LOREAUVILLE, LOUISIANA: After receiving my September issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I just had to tell you how much this magazine has helped me. The beauty tips are super, but I wish you had more articles on dating. I'm sure many girls feel the same as I do.

I especially enjoy *By You* in every issue; however this last one was really the best. The article *Beauty Curriculum* was super too. I also enjoy all your fashions. They're so up-to-date.

SANDRA RANSONET (age 14)

RICHMOND, INDIANA: How Are You Going to Know? and *Prima Ballerina* are wonderful. I enjoyed Television: A Career? to the utmost. Only one request from me: Please have more medical stories.

ANN RUCHE (age 14)

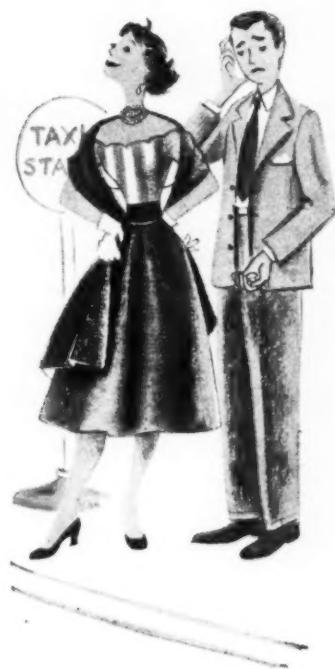
Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

TEEN-TYPES

The know-it-all:

She thinks she's an expert on every subject . . . in and out of class. Her specialty is contradicting teachers, but she also enjoys contradicting other teens. Easy to see why she's so unpopular!



The gold-digger:

A leisurely walk to the gang's favorite hangout for a soda? Not for this girl! She only wants to travel in taxis to the most expensive dance spots. No wonder she stays home alone so much!



The suffer-jet:

This girl makes everything a dark problem, but she really hits her gloom stride on her monthly days. She'd be a lot happier if only she'd get hep to that wise little book "Growing Up and Liking It."



Every teen can profit from "Growing Up and Liking It," the free Modess book which tells all about menstruation. And every teen can use the handy Modess Purse Pak, a convenient plastic envelope which keeps a spare napkin and a sanitary belt dust-free, out of sight. Yours for just 15¢ plus 1 Modess box tab.

Anne Shirley, Personal Products Corp., Box 5251-11, Milltown, N. J.

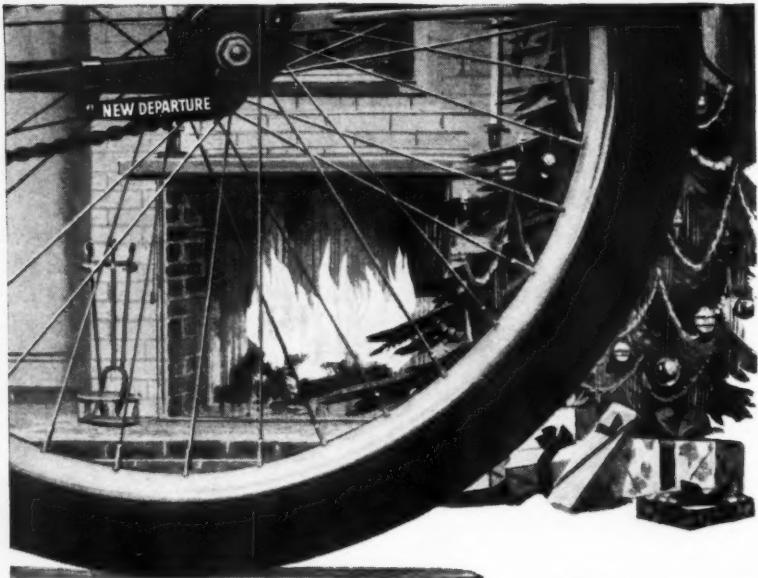
PLEASE FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."
SEND ME: Modess Purse Pak. I enclose 15¢ and 1 Modess box tab.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ P.O. _____

State _____ Age _____



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The big thrill of a new bike on Christmas morning will last for years if that bike is equipped with a New Departure Safety Brake. You can depend on a New Departure for lasting fun and enjoyment because it is the best brake built for any bike! Its multiple disc

type design provides smoother, quicker stops . . . lighter weight with greater strength. A single compact unit, it is dust-proof, leak-proof and factory-adjusted. Be sure it's an American-built bike with a New Departure Safety Brake for Christmas . . . for Keeps!



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PRINT names wanted PLAINLY. Include 5¢ postage on EACH. 35¢ order 10¢ on \$1.00 orders. Sorry, no C.O.D. orders accepted because they cost you too much money. This is introductory offer. Good for limited time only. So order NOW!

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Flutes AND Piccolos

America's finest silver-plated flute

AT FINE MUSIC DEALERS EVERYWHERE

W. T. ARMSTRONG COMPANY • ELKHART, INDIANA

Books

(Continued from page 3)

ver pin given to her by a Christian missionary. When she was eighteen, the Romans located and besieged Carodoc's stronghold, sending him and his family, captives, to Rome. On the long, grueling journey, Gwladys could not help being stirred by the attentions of one of the hated Romans, kindly Captain Pudens who did much to ease the lot of the prisoners. Before the Emperor Claudius, Carodoc in a ringing speech which has echoed through the ages, won freedom within the city of Rome for himself and his family. Gwladys, called Claudia by the Romans, enjoyed the luxurious life of the wealthy Romans and gradually found a new faith in the Christian religion and an abiding happiness with a Roman husband who was also a Christian. Together they would return to Britain to spread the new religion. This rich and colorful story of real people makes the long-dead past come alive.



Lasso Your Heart. By BETTY CAVANNA. *The Westminster Press*, \$2.50.

For your own list, or for a friend who clamors for horses and romance in her reading, jot down this novel of two cousins of vastly different background. Prue Foster, brought up on a Texas cattle ranch, has recently come to live on a Pennsylvania farm where Texas cattle are sent for fattening. This brings her within easy driving distance of the fashionable Main-Line home, in Bryn Mawr, of her wealthy cousin, Cissy Roundtree. Prue's feeling of social inadequacy and the imminent birth of her mare's first foal cause her to wish she had never been invited to Cissy's debut. At the party, Prue feels "rather like a frightened steer being driven into a cattle car" and envies Cissy her charm, poise, and bubbling gaiety. Then tragedy hits the Roundtrees in the death of their elder daughter's husband in Europe, and Cissy stays with the Fosters while her parents fly to her sister. Here Cissy is as alien and unsure as Prue had been in Bryn Mawr, but she is a good sport and the two girls, in spite of some cousinly spats, become good friends. Two things disturb Prue: her reaction to Colin Gray, a friend of Cissy's who rides over frequently from Bryn Mawr, and Cissy's interest in a Texas college student working on the ranch. Prue's level head and right instincts make a happy ending for everyone. The wide popularity of Betty Cavanna's growing list of successful novels for older girls attests to her understanding of teenage girls, their hopes and fears, and her skill in telling a good story. You will enjoy the story of Prue and Cissy as you have her other books.



Who Was Sylvia? By NANCY HARTWELL. *Henry Holt and Company*, \$2.50.

This, too, is for you perhaps, and certainly for any of your friends who are interested in music. Dr. Clement had a college fund for his two daughters, Sylvia and Carol. Carol, excitedly assembling a college wardrobe, had no doubts. She would spend four happy years at college, Sylvia thought, marry and settle down. Sylvia, who was an adopted daughter, was uneasy. She knew she wanted a career, but she felt it was foolish to waste time in college until she had decided what she wanted to do and, suddenly, it seemed important to find out something about her

real parents. She won permission to spend a year trying to earn her living in Philadelphia, which seemed the most likely spot to unearth information about her real parents, while she made up her mind about a career. This is the story of her happy, fruitful year in a boardinghouse full of music students, of her job in a broadcasting station; of her friendship with wealthy, suave, much-traveled Brooke Lowry and with her fellow boarder, singer Sean Patrizi; of her success in learning "who was Sylvia" and what she wanted to become—a musicologist. Miss Hartwell writes with sympathy and understanding of modern young people and tells an interesting story of an unusual career in music.

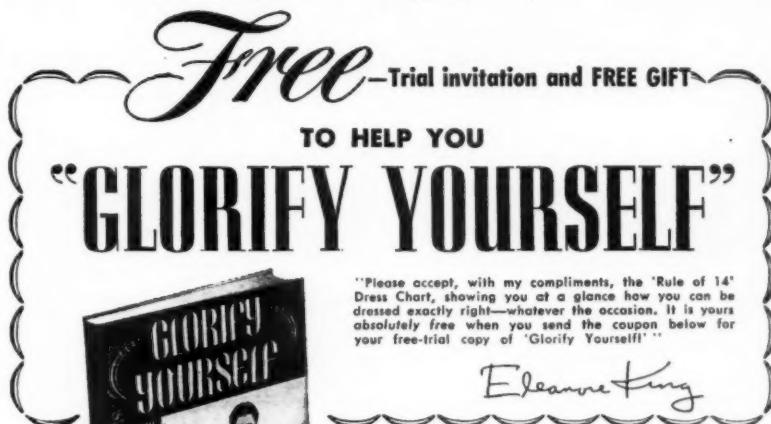
Ballet in the Barn. By REGINA WOODY. Ariel Books, \$3.00. Here is one that will thrill all girls who "take" and love dancing. Perhaps some of you may remember "way back when" ballet dancer Janet Sherwood was born in the pages of this magazine. This is the story of her experiences which lead into "Student Dancer," Mrs. Woody's absorbing and authoritative novel of a young dancer which appeared last year. In this, Janet, who believes only ballet is really dancing and who dreams of becoming a famous ballerina, has just been promoted to the advanced ballet class, when her family must move to Martha's Vineyard. Janet, born and bred a New Yorker, is dismayed. How does one train for professional ballet way off in the country? Much to her surprise she discovers adaptation to life on the island, the islanders, and the summer people, much easier than she expected. But she can hardly believe her good luck when she finds an excellent school of dancing in a nearby summer camp. Various people and events, and the camp's broad program of dancing instruction, conspire to give the stubborn "ballet-is-best" Janet an understanding of other kinds of dancing. On the island and in camp she finds lively, interesting friends with whom to share all sorts of fun and other complicated and enriching experiences. The camp's resident faculty and visiting professional dancers are famous real people in today's world of dance. Mrs. Woody, who was herself a successful ballerina, has a broad understanding of the dance and writes about it with truth and profound appreciation. So the dance material in this book is valuable, authentic, and realistic. Janet and her friends are well-rounded, very real individuals whose experiences make interesting reading quite aside from their devotion to the arts.

My First Stamp Album Outfit. Edited by GEORGE A. TLAMSA. Minkus Publications, \$2.00. If you, a friend, or a small brother or sister would like to try stamp collecting, this beginner's outfit would make an inexpensive gift that might lead to hours of fun. The box includes an album, package of 100 different world stamps, 82 world flags, packet of hinges, and magnifier. The album contains world maps, brief historical and geographical notes on each country, and places for 4,300 easily obtainable stamps.

THE END

If you are interested in books reviewed on these pages, and you cannot find copies at your local bookstore, you may order from the publishers in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

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Eleanor King makes no extravagant claims of changing you into a goddess overnight. Instead she gives you scores of the concrete, practical techniques she has used so successfully in her own classes, to teach over 83,000 women of all ages the secrets of attractiveness. The wonderful methods you get in GLORIFY YOURSELF are so easy to master! While doing housework, shopping, or chatting with friends—or while in the office on the job—you'll find yourself absorbing these marvelous short-cuts to a more appealing YOU. They will become a living part of your personality almost before you realize it.

Just a Few of the Benefits You Gain:

- | |
|--|
| Your Face
Should Answer: Yes
Do you receive a compliment every day?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Are you afraid to meet new people?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Does your date ever take you for granted?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Are you at ease in opening a conversation with a stranger?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Do you find it difficult to be the gracious hostess?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Do you make a good first impression?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Are you frequently invited out to dinner?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Do you eat a peck instead of a kiss?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No
Do you feel your true self really gets across to others?
<input type="checkbox"/> Yes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No |
|--|

If your score is not what it should be—then Eleanor King can guide you to greater personal happiness. She can show you how to enhance your individual appeal and to obtain a lovelier complexion, how to maintain a slim, youthful figure, how to cultivate your smile and conversations, and dozens of other pointers that can change your whole outlook on living. Send coupon below for your free-trial copy of "Glorify Yourself," today.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY:

Very compact and helpful; ONE book with all helps which I can understand.
Ruth Martin, Judson College, Marion, Ala.

It is an excellent and practical guide for the average woman who wishes to beautify herself, by herself, at home.
Charlotte Ward, Franklin, N. Y.

One of the most interesting books I have ever had the pleasure of reading. So thorough, it covers all phases of beauty culture, plus details so important to a person's health. It's GRAND.
Mildred Ingle, 219 N. E. 51st Street, Miami, Florida

One of the very best, most practical, and most complete books on charm I have ever read.
Doris Denning
Hastings, Michigan

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With the course you also receive—ABSOLUTELY FREE—Eleanor King's "Rule of 14" Dress Chart, in color, showing at a glance how you can be dressed exactly right—whatever the occasion. The chart is yours whether or not you keep the trial copy of GLORIFY YOURSELF.

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How to achieve an appealing "youth line." How to streamline your figure through posture. How to get upper body control. How to get lower body control. What to do with your hands and feet.

Your Hair

Finding the hair style that flattens your type. How to get a soft sheen in your hair.

Your Clothes

What to wear to look taller or shorter. How to disguise large hips. What colors make you more enticing. Practical tips on planning your wardrobe. How to avoid overdressing.

Your Walk

How to get a graceful rhythm in your walk. How not to wiggle.

Your Legs

How to slenderize your legs. What to do for thin legs. What to do for heavy legs. How to eliminate unsightly muscle bulges.

Nothing Else To Buy

No cosmetics, no appliances, no additional material of any kind—everything you need to become more charming and desirable is contained in this big 8½" x 11" book, with its dozens of "how-to-do-it" illustrations. And—best of all—you can test Eleanor King's tried-and-proven methods in the privacy of your own home—without a penny of cost.

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Please send me Eleanor King's home course in beauty, poise and charm, GLORIFY YOURSELF. After giving it a sincere trial for ten days, if I am not satisfied, I may return the book to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$1.00, plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Free Gift! I understand that you will include FREE ELEANORE KING'S "Rule of 14" Dress Chart in color, which tells me at a glance how I can dress tastefully and attractively at all times.

Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



Want to be popular?

Of course you do! It's the most natural desire in the world for every girl to want to be liked and admired. But you know, nothing undermines your self-confidence and spoils your good times so completely as getting snarled up in a teen-age complexion problem.

Masquerade parties

are about the only social stunt a girl can really enjoy when her face pops out in "spots"! Even they are no fun after the masks come off! Fortunately, many blemishes have an external cause. Often they come from carelessness in the way you cleanse your skin.



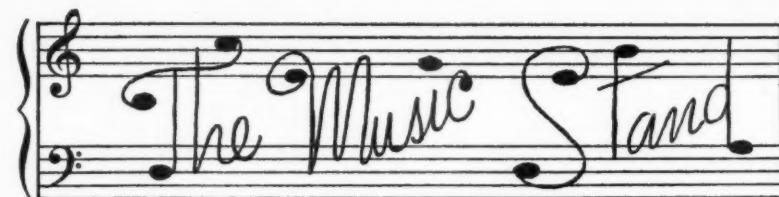
A skin specialist developed this easy way to cleanse your face with *medicated Noxzema*. Helps heal externally-caused blemishes. Also helps keep your skin looking fresh and naturally lovely. Try it. See how dirt and grime disappear. How fresh your skin looks and feels.



Easy as swinging in a hammock! Apply Noxzema to face. Dip cloth in warm water—wring out—and wash your face with *greaseless, medicated Noxzema* as if with soap. Use it as your night cream; pat a bit extra over any externally-caused blemishes to help heal them—fast!



Thrifty! Now's your chance to get the big 85¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢ plus tax—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size. Don't wait! This is a limited time offer! Get *greaseless, medicated Noxzema* today at any drug or cosmetic counter and save money!



by MIMA JEAN SPENCER

PRACTICALLY PERFECT!

A Full Time Job—Eddy Arnold (Victor)
Casanova Cricket—Buddy Weed Trio (MGM)
Hang Out the Stars—Bell Sisters (Victor)
Have a Good Time—Billy Eckstine (MGM)
Jenny Kissed Me—Guy Mitchell (Columbia)
Meet Mister Callaghan—Melachrino Strings (Victor)
Raggle Taggle Gypsies—Alan Dean (MGM)
Say You'll Wait for Me—Bill Hayes (MGM)
Vanessa—David Rose (MGM)
Walkin' to Missouri—Sammy Kaye (Columbia)
Whisp'ring Serenade—Blue Barron (MGM)
Window Shopping—Art Mooney (MGM)
Yes, Yes, Yes—Joni James (MGM)
You Win Again—Tommy Edwards (MGM)

MGM has been working overtime to produce albums that are dateless in their appeal. Forever fresh and danceable are the **Love Songs of Rodgers and Hammerstein** as sung by Billy Eckstine, and **Sigmund Romberg Favorites** offered by Macklin Marrow and the MGM Orchestra. Hits from "South Pacific," "The King and I," and "Oklahoma" are included in the first album, while the tender **Deep in My Heart, Dear**, and the lovely **Serenade** from "The Student Prince" and the nostalgic **When I Grow Too Old To Dream** are among the offerings in the Romberg group. The George Shearing Quintet has recorded **I Hear Music**, a smooth presentation of favorites like **Over the Rainbow**, **How High the Moon**, and the title song. Whenever it's Shearing you can count on a relaxing and enchanting musical program, and his new album is added confirmation of the quintet's unique talents.—A nostalgic collection of melodies is offered by The Nocturnes in **Melodies from Far Away Places**. **La Vie En Rose**, **Lilli Marlene**, and **My Shawl** are a few of the memory-provoking songs included. Haunting treatment by the vocal group means lingering pleasure for you.—A mood of reminiscence is again evoked as you listen to past successes such as **Sonata, Symphony**, and **My Concerto** ably played by pianist Alex Alstone in MGM's **Alex Alstone at the Piano**.—**A Sentimental Rhapsody** by Margaret and Forrest Perrin is the title of Volume II of Maggie Fischer's **Piano Playhouse**. The young duo-pianists who appear regularly on the radio program lend grace and beauty to **Stella by Starlight**, **I Have Dreamed**, and **Poinciana** among others. The pianists complement each other in style and their interpretation of the various selections is entirely pleasing.—It's music with a jump, a syncopated beat, and full steam ahead as played by Woody Herman and the Herd in the MGM two-volume release of the Woodchoppers' **1946 Carnegie Hall Concert**. This is jazz at its best—swinging, exciting, and vibrant with enthusiastic instrumental treatment!

Three new MGM albums herald the approach of the Christmas season. The Canterbury Choir has recorded traditional carols under the title **While Shepherds Watched**, a collection which will be perennially popular. The second of the set is **Merry Christmas** with such artists as Judy Garland, Tommy Tucker, and Lauritz Melchior doing the honors to beloved, popular Noel tunes about Santa Claus and Frosty, and the moving **Silent Night**. Perhaps most interesting of the holiday offerings is **Christmas Chimes**. Recorded in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in London this album comprises nine Christmas pieces by a brass choir, an organ, and the chimes of the church. As long-ago criers called "Peel out the bells," the chimes ring out the old airs, their sweet tones holding fully the sacred Christmas spirit. An album to collect and cherish is this different recording.

It sometimes happens that we are so anxious to acclaim the new composers, the men and women who seem to write music that expresses our feelings and our generation, that we neglect the past masters who were justly named "master" of another generation of musical composition. Men like Brahms, Beethoven, and Liszt could not be relegated to the past even if we should wish to do so, for their music truly "endureth forever." Brahms' **Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68** is one of the most satisfying of the classical works. In its tragic, poetic, graceful, and triumphant movements it seems to traverse the whole course of human life and to emerge exultant over frailty. As recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, the symphony will be a valuable addition to any record collection (Columbia).

Chamber music, or music that can be played by a few instruments in a small area, is particularly distinguished when performed by brilliant artists like Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus. Their violin and piano performances accent the spirit of Beethoven's **Sonata No. 3 in E-flat Major, Op. 12** and **Sonata No. 4 in A Minor**, both written expressly for the duo-instrumental presentation. Eloquent and vigorous are these works so exemplary of Beethoven's inventive genius, and unified and gratifying is the performance of the combined talents of Casadesus and Francescatti (Columbia).

Liszt, the pianist, was considered almost incomparable and the piano music he composed is dramatic, melodic, and stirring. It is technically difficult to play and was designed to show off Liszt's personal virtuosity. Gyorgy Sandor, a Hungarian pianist who is now an American citizen, interprets the composer ably in his recording of **Sonata in B Minor** and **Piano Music of Liszt** which includes the lovely **Liebestraum** and the spirited **Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15** (Columbia).

Whenever you're purchasing records remember that an investment in masterworks is an investment in lasting musical pleasure.

THE END

From Maine to California

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OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT AGENCY

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IF YOU WERE TO DROP IN at The American Girl office some Friday afternoon during the school year, you might find its conference room filled with a lively group of Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts, discussing fashions, teen-age problems, the contents of the magazine itself. Then you would learn that you had happened in at a regular monthly meeting of The American Girl's Fashion-Editorial Board, made up of Girl Scouts from New York City and nearby towns.

It is a rotating board of between twenty-five and thirty girls, with new members coming on regularly to bring a fresh viewpoint. At the meetings, the board is shown the fashions from which clothes will be selected and featured in The American Girl. The girls discuss the fashions, pointing out what they like and do not like, and why. At some meetings a group of girls will model the fashions for the rest of the board. A part of every meeting is devoted to a discussion of the contents of the magazine, and the kinds of stories and articles the girls would like to see published.

Recently several members of this board appeared with the well-known commentator, Nancy Craig, on her ABC television program. Some of you may have seen them. Pat di Sernia, Fashion Editor of The American Girl, conducted a demonstration meeting of the board, at which back-to-school fashions from the September issue, and the Cover Girl dress from the October issue, were modeled and discussed. In the picture on this page, the girls at Mrs. di Sernia's right modeled the clothes, and the girls on Miss Craig's left are the members of the board who made up the discussion panel.

The girls were thrilled to be part of a television program, and to give the public a chance to see how the Girl Scout advisory board of your very own magazine operates.



THE EXCITING DAY when she will cast her first vote in a general election is a dream of the future for the girl of Scout age, but more and more Girl Scouts are finding ways to take part in the vitally important matter of registering and voting. Here is an example from Topeka, Kansas.

Early this year, a "Get Out the Vote" campaign was planned for their city. Representatives of the Girl Scouts met with those of other organizations such as the Junior and Senior Chambers of Commerce, the Boy Scouts, and the League of Women Voters to set up a committee to plan and carry out the campaign.

The Girl Scouts participated in many

ways, either as individuals or in their troops. An especially successful project was a speakers' bureau made up of Intermediates and Seniors. Working in pairs, the girls prepared three-minute speeches designed to get voters to register and vote. Whenever guidance was needed, the girls consulted with their Girl Scout Executive Director, a member of their program committee, and their teachers. The twenty-five girls who took part spoke to church, civic, and other groups, and were well received everywhere.

When it was decided to send the election registration books to five of the outlying areas of the city, committees were set up in each area to publicize the fact that people could register right in their own neighborhoods. Girl Scouts served on each of these committees, explaining about the more accessible places of registration, passing out literature, and putting up posters.

Within their troops, the Girl Scouts have

have to be built in this area of the city. But before they could make their plans, the engineers had to know how many people would have to be accommodated, so the Girl Scouts undertook the job of counting the number of pedestrians on each block in the downtown area at a given time.

The girls received high praise for their work. The Civil Defense Director said: "This survey is an excellent accomplishment. Other cities have prepared similar surveys at a high cost to their taxpayers. These girls asked nothing for their work, which is as good, if not better, than any I have seen." And the president of the Bridgeport Community Chest and Council called their work "a fine example of co-operation for the benefit of all."

IN ANOTHER CIVIC ACTIVITY, New Jersey Girl Scouts from two councils joined to govern the city of Winfield Park for a day. When the mayor invited the Girl Scouts to take over the town government for a day, the two councils held a special meeting, and candidates from both councils were elected to fill the various offices of the township.

The following Saturday the Girl Scouts took office. They conducted a regular town meeting, and carried out the duties of the various town officials. The girls took their jobs very seriously, and it was with regret that they turned back the reins of government to the adults at the end of the day.

Because of the rapid growth of the community in which they live, these Girl Scouts belong to different councils; go to different schools; are of different religious faiths. But they have learned through this and other joint activities that they can work together happily and effectively.



"WHERE IN THE WORLD AM I?" would have been the natural question of a stranger wandering into the El Monte, California, city park on the morning of the Girl Scouts' International Festival. Some five hundred Scouts of the El Monte-Puente Council, dressed in the costumes of twenty-three different countries, had turned the park into a lively pageant of color and gaiety with dancing, songs, and exhibits. Nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, were among those represented by the colorfully costumed girls. Among the groups which attracted special attention were girls representing American Indian tribes, who were part of the United States section.

Early in the year, each of the forty troops which took part in the festival choose a



Some members of The American Girl Fashion-Editorial Board who appeared recently with Nancy Craig (center) on her popular television program. Pat di Sernia, Fashion Editor of The American Girl (at Miss Craig's right) conducted a demonstration board meeting.

set a goal of one hundred per cent registration of their parents, and they will work toward that goal right up to the final day of registration this fall. On Election Day itself these Girl Scouts, and others all over the country, will be helping voting-age citizens in some of the many ways which Marie Gaudette suggests in her article in this issue on page 12.



WHEN THE CIVIL Defense Director of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was asked to make a survey of possible air-raid shelters in the downtown section of that city, he called the local Girl Scout offices and asked their help.

Troops were contacted, and soon teams of Girl Scouts were at work on a survey of twenty-six downtown blocks. The area was carefully mapped and each building numbered. Then the maps were turned over to the volunteer civil defense engineers, to determine which buildings were suitable for shelters, and where additional shelters might

country to represent. Part of every troop meeting was given over to studying the country chosen—its customs, songs, dances, languages. Through contacting people who had been natives of, or were descended from natives of, the various countries, the girls learned a great deal about their own community and made many new friends. They found people very willing to help them, and this community participation contributed greatly to the authenticity and interest of the festival.

The success of the project, the Scouts feel, can be measured not only in terms of the favorable comment and praise which the festival received, but in the wide community interest that was aroused in the International Friendship program of Girl Scouting.

A PUPPET SHOW with the intriguing title, "The Rabbit That Wanted Red Wings," was one of the skills demonstrated by Senior Girl Scouts at the third annual

All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

Outdoor Skills Workshop at Camp O'Cumberlands, Harlan, Kentucky. The workshop offers training for adults in Girl Scouting and for Seniors, and this year twenty-four Seniors, from twenty communities, were present. Workshops were set up on the campsite, with leaders demonstrating the crafts and skills.

Senior Scouts served as guides, hostesses, and baby sitters. Senior Troop 26 of Harlan, Kentucky, used their puppet show to entertain the children, and as a demonstration of an acquired skill. This troop had worked for several months on the puppet show, adapting a story to play form, painting scenery, making the stage and properties. The presentation at the workshop was a kind of try-out. The Seniors plan to use the puppet show as part of their program-aide work, which includes the entertaining of small children. The "preview" was a definite hit. Adults as well as the youngsters enjoyed the performance, which also gave many of the leaders an idea for a good troop project.

In the Will Rogers Memorial Room of the State Historical Building in Oklahoma City, local Girl Scouts and a visiting Scout from Wichita, Kansas, examine with interest a bust of the famous humorist and cowboy actor



"CAREERS" is probably the subject that has the greatest interest for girls of teen age. So it was natural that Senior Girl Scouts of Rhode Island chose careers, by popular vote, as the program theme for their first all-State conference this summer. The conference was to be a three-day camping week end at Camp Hoffman, so the girls decided to call it a Senior Campference. About one hundred and seventy girls and thirty adults attended the campference.

Plans were begun several months in advance, and the planning committees handled the many details successfully, with a minimum of adult supervision.

On the Saturday morning of the campference speakers, each an expert in her field, conducted job forums. Topics included art, teaching, retailing; photography, nursing, journalism, social service; careers which do not require a college education. At the Sunday banquet Miss Mary D. Basso of the Providence, R. I. School Department, who is also vice president of the National Vocational Guidance Association, was the guest speaker. An exhibit of books and other literature covering fields of work for women was set up and used as reference material during the campference.

The planning committees had allowed time for plenty of fun, too, and on the not-so-serious side, swimming and hiking, singing, square dancing, games, and cookouts were enjoyed by everyone.

INTERSTATE TRAVELING can be just as much fun as international journeying, and it will be a long time before Troop 96, of Wichita, Kansas, stops talking about its visit to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. With money earned by selling Girl Scout cookies, the troop chartered a bus and set off with its leaders to visit Troop 256 in Oklahoma City with which it had become acquainted.

The trip was fun, and the girls enjoyed glimpses of many interesting places. When they reached their destination they were welcomed by their hostess troop and entertained royally during their stay. Among the many places they visited was the State Historical Building, where they particularly enjoyed the Will Rogers Memorial Room with its collection of mementoes of one of the State's most famous sons.

The two troops had a wonderful time together, and when the visitors waved good-by the Oklahoma City girls knew that travel would play an important part in their future plans. The "how" and "when" would have to be decided later; but there was no question about the "where"—a return visit to the Girl Scouts of Troop 96 in Wichita, Kansas.

THE END

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere—what they are doing and how they are doing it. Why not send in accounts and pictures of your troop's projects and fun?



Fun Begins at Home



These two Intermediates are convinced that chocolate cupcakes are much more fun to eat when you make them yourself

A Brownie puts her Girl Scout training to use as she dusts the house to help her mother prepare for luncheon guests

Above: Girl Scouts learn how to market wisely and thrifitily. These experiences can then profitably be put to use at home

"**G**OOD NEWS," called Mrs. Merimen as she put down the phone. "Grandmother's train gets in at six thirty." "She'll tell me a story; she'll tell me a story about when she was a little girl," chanted Jean, the six-year-old.

"Will she remember to bring some of Grandfather's Confederacy stamps to show me?" wondered ten-year-old Bill.

"She'll know just how to finish off that stole I'm knitting," teen-age Sally said. "Oh, this time having Grandmother for a visit will be lots of fun, won't it, Mother?"

Sally remembered Grandmother's last visit which had hardly been a success at all. Father had grumbled somewhat because "Nana" read the morning paper first and sometimes rumpled it. Jean and Sally had run into problems over having to share Sally's room so that Nana could sleep in Jean's. (Sally had complained about Jean's toys being "just all over everything" and Jean answered that she had no place to

play!). Bill had gotten pretty tired of always having to "run and fetch" things for Grandmother. This visit would be very different, indeed, for Mrs. Merimen had called a family council and asked the children to help her make plans for Grandmother's stay. Here's what the Merimens decided to do:

Sally suggested that she and Jean divide up dresser and closet space, so they would really be "sharing" the room in an orderly and friendly way. Mrs. Merimen ordered two newspapers for the duration of the visit; anticipated extra chores and errands were divided so that Bill wouldn't have to do them all. Mrs. Merimen asked Grandmother to bring Grandfather's stamp collection for Bill, and reminded her that Jean was anxious to hear lots of stories about Nana's childhood in Australia. Together the Merimens planned special menus, picnics, parties, and quiet times, so that having a grandmother in the family for a week could really be fun for everyone. Mrs. Merimen called

this planning "putting the practical art of homemaking to good use."

Maybe you don't have a grandmother handy, or even a younger brother, but you do have some family—be it a mother and father, sister, or favorite aunt. Homemaking is an art you can practice now.

But this doesn't mean just working on your Homemaking badges in troop meetings. It also means using, *right in your own family*, both the homemaking skills you learn in Girl Scouting and all the democratic principles, troop spirit, and co-operation that are part of your Girl Scout code.

Have you read the Nutrition or Clothing badge requirements lately? Or dipped into the Senior's Child Care Aide or Nutrition Aide programs? Take a look, too, at the requirements for the first badges you earned in the Homemaking field—Cook or Hostess or maybe Housekeeper. Do the requirements give you any ideas? These requirements gave Sally (*Continued on page 46*)

by ALICE SANDERSON

Photos by Paul Parker

Your home is the place to apply those homemaking arts learned in Girl Scouting

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Fun Begins at Home (Continued from page 44)

Merimen the idea of making a plan to help her be a better family member and earn Girl Scout badges too. She wrote down her badge requirements and underneath, how she could use what she learned in Girl Scouting right in her own home. Here is Sally's plan:

Clothing badge—#10. "Sew, knit or crochet an accessory . . . etc."

Ask grandmother to help me design a pair of crocheted gloves. She'll enjoy it and I'll learn a lot.

Cook badge—#17. "Make a troop or patrol recipe book . . . etc."

Find out the favorite dish of each member of my family and test the recipes for them before turning them into the troop.

Foods badge—#5. "Ask your family to try one or more vegetables . . . etc."

Try a different one each Wednesday when I get the supper so Mother can go to her meeting of the League of Women Voters. When I know their preferences, I can plan meals to satisfy everyone.

Good Grooming badge—#10. "From someone whose hands you admire, learn how to keep your nails . . . etc."

Ask Mother and Grandmother to help me remember not to bite my nails. Find out how Nana makes hers look so nice.

Handywoman badge—#11. "Demonstrate your ability to use and care for tools . . . etc."

Ask Bill to show me how to use his tools correctly so I don't again mistake his pet chisel for a screw driver.

Hostess badge—#9. "Give a troop party . . . etc."

Make it a father-daughter supper so Dad will know what it's all about when I talk about the Girl Scouts at dinnertime.

Housekeeper badge—#5. "Reorganize a clothes closet . . . etc."

Jean and I can do this when we room together while Nana's here; then we won't fuss over what space there is.

Nutrition badge—#11. "Plan several 'start the day right breakfasts' . . . etc."

Get breakfast several times to help Mother, who will be busy preparing for holiday parties for Nana.

Sewing badge—#18. "Make a skirt from a simple pattern . . . etc."

Make two so Jean and I can have matched skirts. Maybe that will make her feel more grown-up and she won't act like such a baby.

Why not draw up a plan like Sally's for yourself?

Thanksgiving Day is a fine day to put your homemaking skills to work in a big way. Remember how you planned the troop party when you worked on the Cook badge? How about making a kaper chart with your family as you've done with your troop? Don't forget to share the fun as well as the work. Everyone should have one kaper that is just what he or she wants and one that maybe isn't quite anyone's first choice.

(Even second-choice kapers like polishing silver can be fun when a couple of you do the job together.) Maybe the Merimens' Thanksgiving kaper chart will give you a start on yours. Here it is:

FOOD

Menu—planned in family council.
Groceries—Mother and Sally do the shopping.
Preparation—Mother in charge; make special kitchen kaper chart so everyone has a job.

SERVING

Dishing up—Mother
Appetizer—Jean
Main course—Sally and Jean
Carving—Dad
Dessert—Sally and Bill
Coffee—Nana

DISHWASHING

Everyone takes a turn.

FESTIVITY

Table setting—Jean and Sally
Decorations—Jean and Nana
Flowers—Sally to choose and arrange.
Fireplace—Bill to chop wood and lay fire.

FUN

Dad to make plans for a walk, corn-popping, games, stories, home movies.

The Merimens are pretty certain they'll have the best Thanksgiving ever! And now if you'll read back a bit you'll find that the key to all the Merimens' planning lies in their family council. A family council is based on those same democratic Girl Scout policies that make your troop meetings run so smoothly. A family council is a fine place to voice your gripes, but lots of things can be decided in a council, too: What shall we do for our vacation? Where shall we go for a picnic and when? How will we make Grandmother's visit a happy one? Family councils can settle molehill-sized troubles before they become mountainous, and plan for fun in the future, too. Everyone must have a chance to speak in a family council, just as every Girl Scout has a voice in troop affairs. Everyone needs to vote when a vote is in order.

Here is where good sportsmanship comes in, too. If your pet project is voted down in your family council, do you sulk or complain? Of course you don't. You understand that by being a good loser you make an important contribution to a pleasant family atmosphere.

Review in your mind your Girl Scout Promise and Laws. Think over how the Promise and each and every Law can be applied to your daily living in your own home, and you'll find that Girl Scouting gives you a fine behavior ideal to follow in all your relationships with the members of your family.

Happy families just don't happen. Neither are they the result of the strong determination of only one member of the family. A house becomes a home through the pooling of homemaking skills, thoughts, ideas of each and every family member. So many important things happen in a family. It's where you learn to talk, to laugh, to love, and to share both work and fun. In fact, to live. It isn't all giving, nor all taking, but some of each by everyone—which makes your home a place you can go out of with self-confidence and return to with pleasure.

THE END

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



OPERATION SECRET: With all the intrigue of the French Underground movement of World War II, this exciting drama weaves its tale of international plot and counterplot. Cornel Wilde, who has been accused by the French secret police of killing a fellow underground fighter, matches wits with Steve Cochran to prove that the latter is guilty. In a thrilling flashback the true story is brought out. Phyllis Thaxter, as Maria, stands by Cornel right to the fascinating finish. (Warner)

PRISONER OF ZENDA: Start with the romantic setting of the mythical kingdom of Ruritania; add the adventurous tale of a commoner who impersonates a king; then sprinkle generously with the fine acting ability of Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr, and you have a picture to satisfy anyone's appetite for good movie fare. With James Mason as the rascal Rupert, Louis Calhern as the colorful Colonel Zapt, and Jane Greer as the scheming Antoinette De Mauban. (M-G-M)



THE TURNING POINT: If you like mystery and gripping suspense, you won't want to miss this drama of a State crime hunt headed by Edmond O'Brien at his hard-fighting, ever-crusading best. William Holden and Alexis Smith, who join in the investigation, manage to complicate events by falling in love. The plot really begins to thicken when they find evidence that Edmond O'Brien's policeman father is secretly working along with the criminals. (Paramount)

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE: The pages of your history book will come vibrantly alive before your eyes as you view this magnificent Technicolor film of the Mayflower's epic voyage to the New World. You'll meet the William Bradford, John Alden, Priscilla Mullens, Captain Jones, and Miles Standish on the hazardous sixty-six-day voyage from Southampton to Cape Cod. Heading the excellent cast are Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, and Van Johnson. (M-G-M)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

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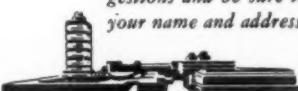


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1952

Fight TUBERCULOSIS

The Golden Alligator (Continued from page 9)

fanned by his and her heart beating fast at the thought of what treasure trove might mean, Courtney fell silent. If the boat had been found near Indian Mary's shack, then the high land mentioned in the manuscript might well be the little rise on which her shack stood. There flashed into Courtney's mind the story her father told her once about the coin old Mary was said to have offered the bootlegger, and she realized that she had never mentioned it to Tuck—and why. If Tuck wanted to dig close to Indian Mary's shack, what would she do?

"I guess we'll have to hold our noses and step lively," said Tuck. "After all, we can run faster than she can." Excitement oozed out of the very tips of his crisp brown hair and danced in his eyes. "Let's prowl around this afternoon and find a likely place to dig tonight." He seized her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Ride in with me for the mail, and we'll plan it all out."

"Nope." Courtney smiled, but sat down again on the steps.

"Ah, Cokes!" Tuck picked a red hibiscus from the bush by the door and stuck it in her smooth dark hair.

"Nope." She smiled again but shook her head so determinedly that the flower fell out. She picked it up again and ran the stem through the buttonhole of her blouse. "Can't, Tucker. Got things to do." It would be scary, but she was going to the bayou at once—and alone—to see just where the old boat had been found. And then she would talk to Indian Mary (she shivered a little and her heart beat fast) and perhaps, perhaps, learn more about that coin offered for the whisky.

Fifteen minutes later, bearing a slab of bacon, a package of grits, and a can of pipe tobacco as propitiatory gifts to Indian Mary, Courtney dashed down the path to the wall that separated the cultivated part of their land from the jungly acres that ran down to the bayou. At the papaya grove just inside the wall she met Wes Lillycrop, who had coiled up his hose and was getting ready to quit for the day.

He was chunking his tools into the wheelbarrow, his blue workshirt stained with sweat and his worn tennis shoes gray-white with fertilizer dust. Courtney thought: "It must be awful to have to work in other people's yards—stuck here for life." She resolved to speak extra cordially, but before she could call out a greeting Wes straightened up, grinned cheerfully and said carelessly, "Hi, Co-Co," as if he were not at all depressed at being obliged to work in other people's yards.

Courtney was a little taken aback. "Co-Co." That was her family's name for her. Of course other people called her that too; lots of her own crowd did, but she didn't know Wes Lillycrop that well.

"Hello, Wesley," she returned coolly. Wesley. That was what the teachers called him, and that was plenty friendly. Yes, plenty friendly, she argued with herself again as she caught the suddenly withdrawn look on Wes's brown face. And "Plenty friendly," she said to herself again as she swung over the wall and started down the barely perceptible jungle trail. But the change from open friendliness to a sort of amused wariness in Wes Lillycrop's gray eyes bothered her, and even when, after

five minutes' walk, the tangle of pines and palmettos had shut the rambling old Cran-dall house from view, she was still uncomfortable. It wasn't a very nice way to act, even to a boy who hadn't much ambition and was content to be a sort of glorified yardman. Then, resolutely, she put Wes out of her mind and, thrashing out ahead of her with a stick against snakes, she pushed deeper into the undergrowth.

The jungle was usually a little bit scary, so dark, so quiet, so full of wild creatures, but today Courtney was almost oblivious to it all. Once she froze in her tracks at a rustle in the bushes, giving a little sigh of relief when a marsh rabbit bounded away into the myrtle; once she started as a raccoon stared at her with hostile yellow eyes and then moved swiftly across her path with his humping gait; but for the most part she moved along in a dream-planning, hoping.

Half of her mind said that it was ten-year-old-boy stuff to believe in finding buried treasure. The kind of thing kids did after too much "Treasure Island." But the other half remembered the things she had seen in the Sun City Museum: stones from an old Spanish fortification; a golden Mayan ornament turned up by a plough and believed to have been brought from South America either by the Spanish conquerors or by trading primitive Indians. And she recalled how, in her father's youth, a neighbor's child, digging beneath a great oak, had brought in handfuls of ancient golden coins. And there was the great chest under the clear green water down Sarasota way that had been swept away in a storm before equipment to raise it could be assembled.

I'll locate the old boat, and then, somehow, I'll make Indian Mary talk—even if she chases me with an ax, thought Courtney.

But when at last the tangle of palms, strangler fig, and myrtle gave way to mangroves, and the clicking of myriads of fiddler crabs in the moist sand told her she was nearly at the water, Courtney's resolution weakened, and she shivered a little in the warm sunlight, suddenly hoping that after all Indian Mary might be off on one of her herb-hunting expeditions.

She picked her way down the shore, then turned sharply inland toward the little cluster of pines and the one huge live oak that sheltered the bare, unpainted boards, single, cobwebbed window, and sagging door of the shack. An instant later, from behind the shelter of a huge palm, she made out the old woman's spare, bent form.

Indian Mary was cooking outdoors, and as she bent over the smoking fire she seemed to Courtney more witchlike than ever—her dark face wrinkled into a hundred folds; her sparse, gray hair wrapped in a bandana, her thin, beaked nose almost meeting her chin. From time to time she coughed hollowly as the smoke blew toward her.

Her face was as impassive as her Indian forefathers', but as her visitor approached she rose stiffly to her feet and stared with black eyes that reminded Courtney of something. What was it? Why, the coon, of course, that had humped himself off as she came through the jungle.

She's as scared of me as I am of her . . . And no wonder, considering the deal her people got from mine. Hardly knowing what she did, Courtney made a little bow

and advanced with outstretched hand which, after a moment's hesitation, the old woman took in her skinny, wrinkled paw. Then Courtney laid the sack of provisions on an up-ended gasoline tin and said, "This is for you."

Indian Mary muttered something unintelligible and returned to her cooking, and for a moment Courtney felt that the interview was at an end, in spite of her brave resolutions. But the old woman speared a piece of the mullet she was frying and handed it to Courtney along with a good half of the corn pone which she dug from the embers of her fire; then she squatted down on the ground with her own share.

Courtney took the sizzling food with cautious fingers and sat down on a fallen palm log. It reminded her of an account she had read of a visit made by an explorer to an African cannibal chief—gifts exchanged, the meal shared, good faith established. But was her own faith good? It made her a little uncomfortable to think that she had come rather as a spy than as friend. This wasn't at all the way she had expected things to be.

She nibbled a bit of fish, trying hard not to notice the persistent odor of fish heads and insides that Mary apparently didn't think necessary to dispose of.

"Good fish. Good bread," she said politely. Then, partly because she really was curious to know how Indian Mary had been able to catch mullet, a fish that had either to be speared or netted, and partly just to be saying something, she asked, "How do you catch mullet? You got big net?"

The old woman's face remained impassive, but her black eyes darted to Courtney's face.

"Dredger-men bring," she said, and Courtney knew from the curl of the out-thrust lip that the present had failed to create any favor. "Dredger-men find boat from very old time," Indian Mary continued. "Today they come back; dig hole here, dig hole there—all along shore." She coughed again, then gave a dry whisper of a laugh and bent over her pan of food. "They bring old Mary present; they think she tell where find Spanish gold."

Courtney caught her breath sharply. "What you tell them, Mary?" she asked, trying to keep the excitement out of her voice. "What you tell dredger-men?"

The old woman rose and threw her fish bones into the embers of the fire. It seemed to Courtney that her eyes gleamed like a mischievous child's, and then abruptly the gleam was gone.

"Mary know nothing about gold," she answered stolidly, and Courtney felt as if a blind had been snapped down over a lighted window through which she had been gazing upon a rare and fascinating scene. As if resenting the question, the old woman's lip shot out surlily, and Courtney rose to go.

"Thank you for the dinner," she said, and then reluctantly added, "I go look for old boat dredger-men find."

"Wait," said Indian Mary. She opened the tin of tobacco Courtney had left, and as the girl watched silently, she fished in the pocket of her voluminous striped skirt, apparently, Courtney thought, for the corn-cob pipe that was her usual companion. Out came the skinny dark hand with a strange miscellany of objects, and Courtney watched,



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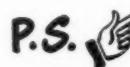
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partly with fascination, partly with revulsion, as Indian Mary selected the pipe from among a grimy piece of soap, a dead scorpion, a root of some herb, a crust of bread, and Courtney's eyes widened and she gasped involuntarily—what was without doubt a coin, unfamiliar certainly, but with equal certitude, ancient and golden.

It was gone again into the pocket's depths so quickly that, as Mary drew a live coal from the fire and lighted her pipe, Courtney wondered if her eyes had played a trick on her. She longed to ask to see the coin, to pour out questions about it, but calling to mind the many stories of how Indian Mary had repulsed too-inquisitive strangers with ax, knife, and curses, she silently picked up her snake stick and prepared to leave.

But, "Wait," said Indian Mary again unexpectedly. "You good girl. I show you." And with Courtney adapting her step to the slower gait of the old woman's, Indian Mary led the way along the shore.

The going was wet and rough; twice mangrove clumps forced them to wade out into the shallow water. Mary was already barefoot, and Courtney took off her shoes and carried them. Once or twice a mullet jumped in the water, and once a blue heron, surprised while roosting in a mangrove, cried a protesting "Aw-aw-awk," and flapped off confusedly; but for the most part the silence was complete—oppressive. As the sun fell low in the west, only the thought of the glint of the yellow metal she had caught in Indian Mary's hand kept Courtney from scuttling for home. When, suddenly, Indian Mary turned and laid a hand on Courtney's arm, she almost cried out.

But the old woman only pointed ahead to where, projecting above the waters of the very low tide, were a few jagged remnants of a ship's frame and a part of a keel. So this was the old ship that the visiting scientist had identified as Spanish! And right here, beyond doubt, the Spanish conquerors had gone aground, perhaps had camped—eating, sleeping, and refreshing themselves before they crossed the bay to the mainland in their search for gold.

For a moment Courtney felt she saw plainly the dark, bearded strangers in heavy, leather boots and weather-stained armor, perspiring beneath the hot sun of this new land, peering hopefully into the depths of the jungle for signs of the gold-rich natives they thought to find there.

Gold. They looked for new gold, and instead left some of their own, according to the old manuscript. Visions of the conquistadors faded suddenly, and in Courtney's mind burned one single image: the gold piece she had glimpsed but half an hour ago.

She pulled herself up from her contemplation of the old timbers and signed to Indian Mary that they return the way they had come, but Mary, thrusting aside the mangrove branches on the shore, pushed inland, beckoning her to follow.

Courtney hesitated. I'm afraid, she thought. How do I know she's even in her right mind? And every Seminole must hate us after the way we pushed them out of their birthright. The old, familiar way home, snaky and rustling though it was, seemed infinitely more desirable. But, I've got to know more, she thought, and with one prudent glance backward to mark the spot where they entered the jungle, she followed the spare brown figure in its soiled, gaily-

striped Seminole dress. Presently the oozy sand gave way to harder, higher ground, and she could smell the bay-rum odor of the wax myrtles and the scent of pines.

Half a mile further on, Indian Mary stopped under a live oak from which swaying Spanish moss brushed their faces. The ground beneath was covered with rank vegetation, but as her guide pointed a thin, brown forefinger, Courtney plainly made out a moundlike rise.

"Old grave," croaked Mary. "My father say very old-time grave. Nobody knows now but old Mary."

Then a dry, racking cough shook her thin frame, and in a moment she had vanished, leaving Courtney staring at the swelling mound.

The next day seemed a long one, although Courtney spent a good deal of it doing what she usually liked best: working in her small plant-propagation shelter. She had, Pops always said, inherited Mom's green thumb, and she never failed to get a thrill at the way in which, by sticking shoots of oleanders and hibiscus and bougainvillea into wet sand, she could make them turn into lovely, blossoming plants. And in trips around the country with Moms, she had collected small slips of trees with funny names like zizyphus, and lilly-pilly, and plants with Oz-book habits such as hard-boiled-egg and sausage trees which she was coddling and watching eagerly.

But this morning the time crawled by, and Courtney's interest was zero. All she could think of was that tonight she and Tuck were going to open the old grave. The night before, when she had described her adventure to Tuck, he had been wildly enthusiastic. Although, from some obscure feeling for Indian Mary which she did not attempt to analyze, she had said nothing to him about the coin which she had glimpsed, Tuck was sure that the mound would yield treasure trove. Something of his confidence had communicated itself to her so that now, even in broad daylight, digging around very prosaically in her propagation shed, Courtney's mind was on iron chests and clinking coins.

Outside, Wes Lillycrop was getting the beds ready for the winter vegetables. Courtney could hear the chunk-chunk of the compost being shoveled into the wheelbarrow and then the shriek of the wheels as Wes's muscular brown arms trundled it down the path. She was having trouble getting some aerials to root—a particularly nice variegated philodendron among them. Partly because she really wanted help and partly because she wanted to make amends for yesterday's rebuff, she looked up next time he passed and smiled.

"Hello, Wes."

"Hello, Courtney." The grin of yesterday was absent, and Wes didn't pause.

Serves me right. I was a stinker.

When next Wes passed, Courtney managed to be on the way to the spigot with her watering can.

"Wes, could you help me prop up the end of the potting bench? The leg's wiggly."

"Certainly. Glad to." The reply was courteous, but Courtney could feel that Wes was anything but glad about it, and there was an appraising turn to his cool glance that made her feel very small. In silence he braced the leg with a few well-directed nails, and Courtney found herself

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equally silent as she watched his strong, well-shaped fingers at work.

"Nice pothos you have there," Wes said carelessly at the door of the shed, glancing at the green-and-gold vine that was clambering up the wire, and Courtney seized the opportunity to ask, "I can't get a cutting started from it, though. Is there something special to do? I've tried sand and compost."

"Peat moss," Wes said succinctly. "Or vermiculite. If I were going to be around longer I'd show you," he added, with what Courtney felt was more politeness than enthusiasm.

"Oh? You're quitting?" Courtney asked in surprise. And then, as it flashed upon her that the Crandall austerity program might be the cause of Wes's leaving, she flushed and blurted out, "Why? Did Moms—"

Wes's gray eyes grew amused but at the same time a little steely as he replied, "No, I wasn't fired. I explained to your mother several weeks ago that I'm going up to State U. next week. Working at the Agricultural Experiment Station and going to college—until Uncle Sam wants me, of course." Then he was gone.

And so much for you, Miss Courtney Crandall, thought Courtney, as she emptied the watering can, put away her trowel and snips, and shut up the shed. You certainly don't rate very high with Wes Lillycrop. Well, if she and Tuck found what they hoped to find, she would not bother with Wes anymore—she hoped!

(To be concluded)

A Time to Love

(Continued from page 11)

Remembering this, Ellen dismissed Barbara from her mind and hurried toward Judy Rogers, who waited for her on the corner. Ellen never felt ill at ease with Judy. Now she flung her arms wide in an all-embracing gesture which was hampered slightly by the pile of books she carried. "It's a wonderful feeling to be sixteen," she told Judy, who would not be sixteen until August. "You feel as if anything could happen."

"There's only one thing I wish would happen to me." Judy's round face was gloomy, and there was a disconsolate droop to her sturdy shoulders. "I wish someone would invite me to the sophomore prom." Then she brightened determinedly. "But if no one does, I'm going to invite Billy Thompson. He's a shrimp and he's only a freshman, but his mother's such a good friend of my mother's that he wouldn't dare refuse. Who are you going to take, Ellen?"

Ellen kept her eyes on the ground. "I may not go," she said.

Judy's glance was understanding. "Doesn't your mother know anyone with a son in high school?"

Ellen shook her head and the two girls walked on in silence. As they turned in at Jefferson High, Judy gave a long sigh. "Marie Stanley got three invitations," she said, "and she's only fifteen."

"Marie has sex appeal," Ellen explained sadly. "They say you either have it or you haven't, and if you haven't, you can't do anything about it."

On the way into their homeroom they passed Marie Stanley. She stood, as usual, just outside the door, talking to a boy. This one, too, was tall and smooth and adoring.

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What matter that Miss Eldridge, the homeroom teacher, scolded Marie constantly for hanging around outside the door with boys? What matter that Marie had had to drop geometry and Latin and would probably be a sophomore again next year? She was only fifteen, and she had had three invitations to the sophomore formal!

Ellen sighed and began to sort out her books at the lockers in the front of the room. It was just another day. Being sixteen hadn't changed a thing. She sighed again and turned toward her seat.

Above her on the wall was a picture of Whistler's Mother which last year's class had given the homeroom as a parting gift. Sometimes Ellen looked at the picture and thought, not believing it at all, "Some day I shall be as old as that." Now she stared at the placid figure with something like envy. If I were like her, she thought, I wouldn't have a thing to worry about. She studied the picture, fascinated by the thought.

"Think you'll buy it?"

When she turned Tom Dobson was standing beside her, smiling. Perhaps it was because she had taken him for granted as her sister's boy friend that she had never noticed before just how good-looking Tom was. She could not help knowing that in the eyes of every girl in the room, riveted on him now, Tom was somebody special, and she searched wildly for some bright answer to his query. "I was just thinking," she said, blushing at her own ineptness.

"Something no pretty girl should ever do." Tom's dark eyes took in the gray suit, the high heels, lingered appreciatively on her bright face. "What's happened to you?" he asked flatteringly.

She felt herself grow warm with pleasure. "I'm sixteen," she said, as if that explained everything. "Sixteen today."

For a moment she thought he was going to tease her the way he used to do last winter when he had called her "Junior," as if she were about ten years old. But then she saw that his dark eyes were serious. "Look, Ellen," he began almost anxiously, "what I want to know is, has anyone asked you to that sophomore shindig next week?"

She shook her head, perplexed at the urgency in his voice.

The boy seemed relieved. "Well, look then, how about going with me? I mean, it's your first formal, and I always said I'd take you to a dance when you grew up, remember?"

When she stuttered an acceptance, he grasped her hand and pressed it. "That's my girl," he said, and with a quick, "Be seeing you," was gone.

Dimly Ellen heard Miss Eldridge reading the Bible selection during opening exercises. The words, "There is a time to be born and a time to die—a time to weep and a time to laugh—" came to her softly through an enchanted mist. She had been invited to the sophomore dance! And by a senior!

"Do you think your sister will be mad when she hears about it?" Judy ventured, awe-struck, and Ellen remembered Barbara, pale and strained, as she had been at breakfast. Then she thought of the real Barbara, gay and popular, and she laughed the little nagging doubt away. "Oh, Barbara isn't really interested in Tom Dobson," she said.

"Tom Dobson" other girls breathed ecstatically. And for the first time since she had been in high school Ellen felt like some-

body. It was almost like a game to see the others notice that she was different, watch them brighten up, too, as if the thing were catching.

In her Latin class there were five boys, none of whom had ever noticed her. When other girls in the division, more vivacious, more casual than she, carried on their light bantering, she had sat among them, smiling faintly, and trying desperately to think of something to say. Now suddenly it was easy to lean forward and ask the boy ahead of her a question about the assignment.

He was a tall lad named Mark Brownlee, distinguished mostly by a shock of dark-red hair and by eyes that were almost startlingly blue. In a moment he was translating the difficult passage for her. Then he smiled, a shy, friendly smile. She felt companionship for the shyness and smiled, too. For a moment they held the smile like children, estimating each other frankly and liking what they saw.

"You know, you look like Betsy Drake," Mark said suddenly. "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Betsy Drake?"

No one had ever told her that she looked like anyone, especially anyone in the movies, and it pleased her enormously.

"I like Betsy Drake," Mark went on. "That is, I like the kind of a girl that Betsy Drake looks as if she might be like." He stumbled over the sentence, and they laughed together. "Say, are you going to that sophomore wing-ding next week?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling. "I'm going with Tom Dobson."

"I'm going, too," Mark said. "With my sister. We're new here this year and Nancy doesn't know anyone yet. So I have to take her to keep peace in the family." He hesitated a moment, then went on. "How about giving me a dance?"

"I'll ask Tom," she told him with a composure she did not feel.

"Okay," Mark said, as the bell rang for class. "Don't forget, now."

Ellen played basketball after school and ate downtown at Pete's Place with the girls, then went on to the movies as she always did on Fridays. All day it had been the same. "Wait for me, Ellen." "Come with us, Ellen." It was nearly eleven when she arrived home, and for the first time since morning, thought again of Barbara.

"Barbara went out right after dinner," her mother told her. "I heard the telephone ringing when I was out in the yard, and she had gone by the time I got in. It isn't like Barbara not to tell me where she is going. Barney Johnson came over later expecting to take her to the movies, and of course she wasn't here. I don't know what's got into Barbara lately. She doesn't seem to care about anything or anybody."

Ellen let out her breath on a sigh of relief. Barbara had so many boy friends that none of them mattered, certainly not Tom, whom she hadn't even seen in weeks.

Singing a gay good night, Ellen ran up the stairs to her room. For a moment she leaned against the closed door, exulting. It had been a wonderful, wonderful day! Then she got into her pajamas and robe, turned out the light, and slipped to the floor by the window where she so often knelt in the darkness. She turned on the radio softly and opened the window a little, for the night air was fresh and sweet.

When she heard voices, she thought at first they were from the radio. It was a few

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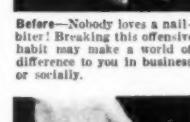
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minutes before she realized that Barbara and some boy were talking on the porch below her. When she realized that the boy was Tom, she sat up, suddenly wide-awake. What was Tom Dobson doing here with Barbara now?

Then she heard his voice plainly, and it was suppliant, humble, uncertain, hardly Tom's voice at all. "If you'll only be my girl again, Barbara," he was saying. "I've been nearly crazy all these weeks when you wouldn't see me. Then when the fellows told me today that Genevieve Mellon was going to ask me to the sophomore dance, I didn't know what to do. I haven't been out with another girl since you stopped seeing me, Barbara; I haven't wanted to. But my dad would never forgive me for turning down an invitation from the daughter of his best client without a darn good reason."

Barbara murmured something indistinguishable, and then Tom spoke again. "I've been nearly crazy," he repeated. "This morning when I saw Ellen going into school, I thought she was you in that gray suit you used to wear. I followed her through the halls because I couldn't help myself, thinking she was you. When I got closer, I saw it was the kid. Imagine my thinking Ellen was you, Sugar."

In the pause Ellen could hear the blood drumming in her ears. It was only a joke, his inviting me to the dance, she thought wildly. What has he done to me? That dreadful boy. She tried to turn away, but she could not close her ears to the words that held her, fascinated, while she saw the joy, the confidence she had felt all day, slipping like the tide away from her.

Whatever Barbara said must have satisfied Tom, for his next words sounded more like him, a little swaggering again, with the uncertainty gone from his voice. "It was then I had my brainstorm," he said, and laughed. "It was then I decided to ask Ellen to the dance and solve everything. I couldn't go with Genevieve, but it wouldn't really count, taking Ellen, and maybe in some crazy way I'd get you back. I don't know how I figured that, but I guess it worked, Sugar."

Barbara laughed, and her voice was lazy and assured. "You're pretty conceited, aren't you? Thinking I'd be jealous of my little sister, jealous of *Ellen*!"

Somehow Ellen managed to get to the bed. "It wouldn't count, taking *Ellen*," she repeated. "Nobody would be jealous of *Ellen*. I won't go to the dance with him! I won't ever go to a dance. I won't ever face anyone. No one knows how this feels but me. No one *knows*." She did not cry, could not; nor could she stop the chattering of her teeth, the shaking of her body.

"Ellen." Barbara had tiptoed into the room and was standing beside the bed. "You asleep, *Ellen*?" she whispered.

Stonily, dry-eyed, Ellen looked up. She was still repeating, silently, hypnotically, as if she could never stop, "No one *knows*—But Barbara's face, which she had thought would be triumphant, superior, was soft and gentle and vulnerable. Her blue eyes bright

and soft hair mussed, she had no relationship to the Barbara of last night or this morning. Why, *Barbara* knows, Ellen thought wonderingly. Barbara knows what it means to be lost and uncertain, too.

"You had a telephone call this evening, honey," Barbara said. "From a boy named Mark."

Still Ellen continued to stare at her sister's radiant face, and beginning to understand, felt the ice slowly dissolving in her own breast.

"Well, aren't you excited, Sitter?" Unconsciously Barbara used her childhood name for Ellen. "I think he's going to ask you for a date."

"I heard Tom telling you about the dance," Ellen said slowly, feeling a love and understanding for Barbara that was almost pain. "I know he only asked me on account of you, Barbara. I can't go to the dance with Tom now."

"You certainly can." Barbara was earnest, too. "Just wait and see what a date with him will do for your prestige among the little sophomores! After that Tom is mine again. All you need is a little push and you'll be okay from now on in. You'll see."

Ellen smiled mistily at Barbara. It's true, I know, from the way I felt today, she was thinking. I'll be all right now.

"I bought you a present for your birthday, Ellen," Barbara said, almost shyly. "I can't keep it until tomorrow. I want to give it to you now." She handed Ellen a package. "It's perfume, and magic!" She leaned over and hugged her sister impulsively. "I was frightened when I heard Tom had asked you to the dance, honey," she whispered. "I was terribly frightened. I thought he had fallen for you. But, praise Allah, he hasn't. He still thinks you're just a kid."

"Barbara," Ellen said, "nobody would ever look at me with you around." But even believing that, she was happy, for she was thinking, stirred immeasurably by the thought, I'm not different from other girls. Even Barbara isn't sure all the time either. I'm just like everyone else. Everybody's uncertain sometimes.

"You just don't know your own power yet," Barbara said. "Time is all you need."

Time. It was funny how you learned things in time—things about yourself and other people and growing up. Perhaps learning these things was growing up. She had learned a lot today, Ellen thought sleepily. Tomorrow she would think about it again. Right now all she wanted was to sleep, to dream. The time would come . . . What was it Miss Eldridge had read to them about time? "A time to be born—and a time to die . . . a time to weep and a time to laugh . . . a time to mourn and a time to dance . . . a time to love . . ."

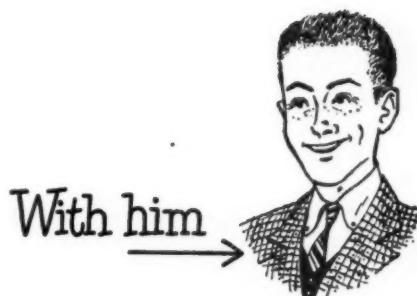
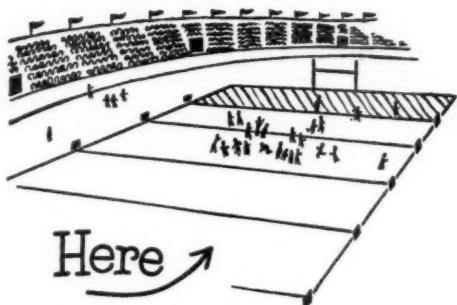
When Barbara's voice reached her from across the room, Ellen was almost asleep. She was dreaming of how she would go to the dance with Tom, who was, after all, practically her brother, and would dance there with a boy, tall and thin and a little shy . . .

THE END

The December American Girl

is crammed, jammed, packed with holiday spirit—two inspiring, heart-warming stories of Christmas; Hanukkah, the story of the lovely Jewish Feast of Lights; pages of tricky, last-minute gift suggestions; hints on setting holiday tables, and celebrating safely.

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By You (Continued from page 16)

with her lips. A radiant, tranquil smile beamed on her exquisite face, framed by the long golden hair which cascaded daintily to her shoulders, and down her back in a beautiful mass of curls. She came on until she reached the well; there she paused. A ray of sunshine slanted through the treetops and touched her hair, transforming it suddenly into a million pinpoint stars of gold. I blinked, looked again, and saw only the sunlight sparkling on the stream that sang close by.

Summer came across the meadow just as the dinner bell was ringing at noon in early June. I paused by the whitewashed fence and watched her come. The golden-brown braids that topped her head were a fitting crown for the oval, suntanned face. She came across the meadow with a purposeful stride, her sturdy figure casting, oddly, no shadow at all. She wore a simple, cotton dress that came to just below her knees. She looked calm, un hurried, and capable. The sun beat full upon her stately, golden-brown being as she stood on the crest of the hill, in complete command of the situation, her eyes very steady and calm. I felt a hand on my arm and turned. It was Anna wishing me to come to dinner. I looked once more toward the meadow and saw only the breeze bending the grasses with invisible footsteps, and the stately form of a cottonwood silhouetted against the summer sky on the crest of the hill.

I saw Autumn on an early evening in October. The sun's warming rays were waning, and one could feel the chill of night closing in. He came skipping through the woods, a merry little cuss indeed. He was clad in brown-and-gold suit, ragged around the edges, and a tiny, peaked cap sat jauntily atop his head. He had an armful of red-brown leaves, one of which he occasionally dropped along the path. He passed the browning trees triumphantly, but when he came to an evergreen, he glared at it, showing scorn and anger for the trees that defied his hand. He sprang across the brook, whistling. Odd, but one could scarcely pick it out from the trill of the birds. He was light, and happy-go-lucky, tripping merrily onward. He ducked behind a tree, and did not reappear. Peering behind the trunk, I saw only the gray-green moss that clung to the bark. The little man was gone, but autumn lingered on in the dying breeze, the setting sun, the brown whispering trees, the tiny brook that tinkled onward, in the forest folk that scurried and hurried on their way.

Old Man Winter came in early December. I was chopping wood out in the yard when I first saw him. He was tall and lean with a mass of snowy hair atop his head and a long flowing beard that matched. His laugh was like the wind, wild and free, and his eyes sparkled with a fire of life and spoke of vim and vigor. On the surface he was as gentle and good-natured as a pussy willow, but deep down inside he could be cruel and harsh. He was mighty and powerful, the spokesman for the wind and snow and sleet, but also did he speak of sleigh rides in the evenings after school, long lovely walks through freshly fallen snow. He had a double character and one cannot condemn one without the other. One cannot say the winter is all bad, or spring, or summer, or fall. True, each season has its bad points: spring—chill rainy days in early March; summer—blistering, scorching days and sudden storms in July; fall—bare, chill days in October. But, before one condemns any of the seasons, remember the delicate

loveliness of the world awakening in spring, the soft evenings and beautiful mellow days of summer, the wonderful memories of weiner roasts in fall, the tranquil beauty of a sleigh ride through a snow-laden countryside under the spell of Old Man Winter.

CAROL McGEE (age 17) Hamilton, Kansas

Sonnet (Written after visit to a Museum)

Poetry Award

*Beneath your domes and turrets lies a store
Of treasures culled from every age and
clime,
From forest hot and dim to arctic shore,
Amassed by patient hands from time to
time.*

The sunbeams filter through the marble halls,

*And light the glory of each feathered wing.
They catch the gleam of fur against the
walls,
And to each tooth and claw a glint they
bring.*

The sunbeams fade and all is quiet and still,

*The monkey stares in silence as we pass.
The leopard stands with paw upraised to
kill,
While swallows poised within their walls
of glass.*

*Methinks that beauty ne'er can perfect be,
Without that flame of life—vitality.*

MARY P. BELLAMY (age 15) London, England

The Potato Man

Nonfiction Award

One day I was peeling potatoes for dinner when I saw a funny looking potato. It looked like a man. He had on brown trousers and a brown shirt. I guess he had a tan because he was brown all over.

I tried to think of a name for him: Tom, Bill, Jack, or Mike. None of these would do. "The Potato Man" was a good name for him. We had him for dinner and every time I took a bite of potato I thought of him.

MARY LEE FOWLER (age 8) Royse City, Texas



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

JONI GAGNON (age 15) Leonia, New Jersey

Tears

Nonfiction Award

It all starts deep in the chest—a dull ache—a large hard lump in the throat—a chin quiver—a blinking of eyelids—a valiant attempt to restrain the torrent that threatens. Then, as though strength has been vanquished, the victorious tears trickle and wash their way down the saddened cheeks, leaving a salty taste in the corner of the mouth, and halting tantalizingly on the tip of the chin, then drop and disappear forever. And with it goes all the heartache and misery that engulfed you. For tears mean solace to the sorrowful, comfort to the weary and sick at heart, courage to the despairing. As tears wash down the face and leave it shining and bright, so too it washes the eyes, leaving the world no longer dull and dreary; but with a deep, relieving sigh you enter a new, fresh, cleaner world.

BARBARA ANNE O'HEIR (age 16)
Lowell, Massachusetts

Strange Enchantment

Fiction Award

Deep in a southern forest, a most peculiar event is happening. It is just an ordinary August evening, with blue skies turning a fiery red as the orange sun sinks below the horizon. The few clouds that are left turn a soft pink, as if some light in heaven were being switched on. Dark, weird shadows shoot out from under the trees, and the elms on the hill are outlined against the sky.

All the animals of the forest stop to watch the last rays of sunlight sink through the forest. Then as the trees begin to stab the silver-gray sky, streaks of purple and orange are seen against the darkening shadows.

One by one the birds stop chirping to nestle their heads under wing. Now we can hear the frogs, crickets, and insects of the night take up the concert.

Suddenly we notice something different! There seems to be movement among the trees. Then . . . wait, is that the sound of tiny feet? And do I hear voices? They seem to be humming! All at once, in a small clearing, there are dozens of tiny elves, pixies, and fairies! They are each carrying a miniature lantern. Their gossamer wings glisten in the moonlight as they start to dance. Dancing in the shadows, the moon ceases to reflect on their wings, and they disappear completely, except for their lanterns. In a few seconds they reappear again, giving the effect of blinking; but what a beautiful blinking, as if some stage were flooded with lights and they were suddenly turned off and on.

Listen. A tiny voice chants:

"Grab your partner and dosey-do
Then back around and away we go
Swing that pretty girl high and low
Now back again and dosey-do."

Why, that is square dancing! The "little folk" dance into the wee hours, until they are dizzy. Their little lanterns are bobbing up and down like apples in a tub on Halloween.

Here I sit, watching them like a giant spy. Then, after dawn begins to show her cheery face, they all disappear as quickly as they had come. I have been here a long time after, wondering why grownups don't believe in the happy "little folk". Why can't they see their charms, luck, and beauty? Why do they scoff at the word, "fairy," when right before my eyes I saw one? Maybe it's because grownups call the "little folk" fireflies.

JOANNE HARVEY (age 13) Florence, Alabama

Disappointment

Fiction Award

Amy stood, unable to move, listening to what Doctor James was saying to her father behind the closed door. It couldn't be; why she had so much to look forward to this year, and now it was all being snatched away in those terrible words: "Mr. Preston, your wife's health is failing and I suggest a warmer climate. Perhaps Arizona." Why that was a thousand miles away. It might as well be a million. Oh, if only she hadn't planned on so many things this fall. She knew her mother wasn't feeling well these last few months, but she had no idea it was serious.

Now they would have to move. It wouldn't be easy, Amy knew that. Father would have to give up his job, the job he had worked so hard for. And of course they would have to sell the house. Oh, why was everything happening at once. It wouldn't be so bad if there were someone to turn to, but there wasn't.

Amy, her heart pounding, heard her father's footsteps and suddenly realized she shouldn't have been listening to his conversation with Doctor James.

She tiptoed to her room and had a good cry. She must have fallen asleep because she heard her father call, "Wake up. Sleepyhead. Lunch is ready." Amy went quickly to the mirror to see if there were any trace of her tears. She ran the comb through her hair and went downstairs. The house was strangely quiet, but she knew her mother was sleeping and the housekeeper out shopping. It would be a good chance to talk to her father. As she sat down she saw he had a tired look on his face, and she knew it wouldn't be easy talking to him, but it would have to come sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

Lunch was almost over and still Amy hadn't said anything. Why couldn't she talk to her father? They had been pals in everything else, but when it came to heart-to-heart talks, she never had the courage. It was always her mother she had gone to, but now it was different; she had no one.

Lunch was over now and her father had left. Amy was all alone, alone with her thoughts. She knew she would have to be brave and take things as they came. When they were settled in Arizona everything would be okay. Things would be different, or would they?

DONNA WUENCH (age 14) Pine Lawn, Missouri

The Road Home

Nonfiction Award

The road stretched before him in the sunshine, dusty and hot. On each side of it marched a row of sturdy fence and beyond that were the newly plowed fields, rich and brown and warm. The road trudged to the top of the hill and slid down the other side to stop politely beside a weather-beaten farmhouse. Then, with a patient grin, it sauntered on, into the far horizon.

The boy shouldered his bundle and, with a weary frown, looked up into the sky. It was cloudless and blue and fresh and fairly sparkled before his eyes. The boy smiled then. He smiled not only with his mouth, but with his wide, blue eyes which were flecked with gray. He climbed to the top of the hill and stood silent, looking down at the farm. It was old and worn, but it, too, wore a smile—a smile of peace, of hope, of the years that lay on its shoulders, and of the new, green future. And to the boy, who was striding briskly toward it, it was home.

BARBARA STORM (age 15) Salina, Kansas

Color

Poetry Award

Red:

*The hot, fiery red of the sun at twilight
As it sinks behind a blackened hill;
The warm, glowing red of a burning ember
As slowly it dies in the ashes.*

White:

*The bright, icy white of a rugged glacier
Outlined alone against the sky;
The soft, misty white of a wisp of starlight
Playing with the moon.*

Green:

*The deep, inky green of a raging sea
Pounding excitedly against the side of a
ship;
The fresh, tender green of young growing
things
Budding after a spring rain.*

Blue:

*The deep, intense blue of a sapphire lake
Lapping calmly against the shore;
The muted, smoky blue of a misty haze
Hanging over a shadowed mountain range.
Gray:*

*The dark, threatening gray of a heavy
storm cloud
Rumbling treacherously in the heavens;
The soft, gentle gray of a summer shower
As it falls welcome on the roof top.*

CAROL WILCOX (age 14) Washington, D. C.

A Japanese Autumn

Nonfiction Award

If, in Japan, one takes a trip in autumn, the sights all the way from northern Hokkaido to southern Kyushu are wonderful.

On Hokkaido and northern Honshu dark pines make a dramatic background for the golden, scarlet, and fire-colored hues of maples, oaks, elms, and dogwoods, dotting the stolid sides of Ontake, Asama, Miyoko, Kurohime, and other mountains.

Around central Japan the tang of smoke from many bonfires fills the nostrils, and the spicy jewel of a soft and sweet "kaki" or persimmon can be bought at any fruit shop for only ten yen, or about four cents.

In Kyoto, the city of temples, a beautiful sight is that of red, green, orange, yellow, and brown maple leaves drifting down and obscuring and softening the lines of the five-story Kyoto Pagoda, and afterward landing on the curving, tiled roof of the mud-plastered, crumbling wall that surrounds the pagoda.

Moving to the southernmost islands of Shikoku and Kyushu, one glimpses the sapphire blue of the ocean through groves of feathery, green bamboo as you hurtle over the islands on a train, and through the misty clouds when you have finally reached the top of high Mount Aso volcano.

After the day is done, and you have taken a steam bath in the steam of the Beppu hot springs, you lie among the folds of the soft quilts laid on the straw or "tatami" floors of a Japanese hotel, listening to tales of lords and ladies in ancient Japan, and fairy stories like the ones about Momo Taro (Peach Boy) and Urashima Taro, who was carried under the sea by a giant turtle.

The next day you go sailing on the mirror of the Inland Sea, ringed by red-lacquered Shinto shrines and wood-built Buddhist temples. When you finally get back to America, you will tell them about your Japanese autumn.

MARJORIE JEAN McALPINE (age 13) Gifu, Japan

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Carole Heisel (age 14) Valhalla, N. Y.
POETRY: Ann Louise Eno (age 15) Lincoln, Neb.;
Juanita Phillips (age 16) Columbus, Ohio
FICTION: Kay Ward (age 14) Indianapolis, Ind.;
Ellen Knowles (age 13) Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
NONFICTION: Marilyn Finkle (age 14) Philadelphia, Pa.; Barbara Voter (age 12) Closter, N. J.
PHOTOGRAPHY: Patsy Newton (age 13) Morris-
town, N. J.

BEG PARDON

In the June, 1952, issue Carol Crissey's name was inadvertently omitted as coauthor of "What Goes On in There?" By You fiction award. The story was written by Nancy Townsend (age 13) Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, and Carol Crissey (age 13) Ebensburg, Pennsylvania.

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. Not smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the March, 1953, issue must be mailed on or before December 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted. 2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

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Jokes

THOSE AUSTRALIAN VITAMINS

An Australian was trying to impress an American from Texas with the sights of Australia without much success. Finally when they saw a kangaroo hopping across a field, the Texan said, "Well, I'll grant you one thing: your grasshoppers are a little larger than ours!"

Sent by DANTA SCHLECTE, Plainview, Texas

A TO Z

AUNTIE: Have some more of this alphabet soup.

NEPHEW: No, thanks. I couldn't hold another syllable.

Sent by JUDY BARNARD, Denver, Colorado

LONG AND SHORT OF IT

MOTHER: Be sure and wash your arms, Junior!

JUNIOR: Yes, Mother. Should I wash for long sleeves or short?

Sent by GLENDA FAVER, Manhattan Beach, California

NO ALARM NEEDED

MOTHER: Get up, Patty! The birds were up hours ago.

PATTY: If I slept in a nest of sticks and grass, I'd get up early, too.

Sent by GWEN O'NEAL, Modesto, California

THAT'S LIFE

Mother was telling her small son about the good times she had when she was a little girl—riding a pony, sliding down a haystack, wading in a brook at the farm.

"Mother," he said at last with a sigh, "I wish I'd met you earlier."

Sent by JULIA DANKERT, Hanover, New Hampshire

NO SPEEDING, PLEASE

A laundress, annoyed by cars on a dusty road soiling her clean clothes, posted this sign on the road fifty yards ahead of her clothesline, DRIVE SLOWLY: BIG WASHOUT AHEAD.

Sent by CAROL CARR, Toledo, Ohio

LOOK QUICKLY, THOUGH

An American tourist in Switzerland was somewhat disturbed by the aesthetic enthusiasm of a local guide who took him climbing.

"Be especially careful not to fall here," the guide warned him, "because this is a mighty dangerous place. But if you do fall, remember to look to the right. The view is extraordinary."

Sent by MARY ANNE PROTANO, Port Chester, New York

'EAR IT?

ENGLISHMAN (hearing owl who-oo): What is that?

AMERICAN: That's an owl.

ENGLISHMAN: I know it's an 'owl, but what is it that's 'owling?

Sent by PHYLLIS HANN, Denver, Colorado

'NUFF SAID!

BILL: What is that which has never been felt, seen, or heard, never existed, and still has a name?

JANE: I don't know.

BILL: Nothing.

Sent by ALFREDA JONES, Detroit, Michigan

FAIR PERCENTAGE

A well-known businessman, noted for his quietness, was in a pullman smoker when an inquisitive fellow-passenger approached him and attempted to start a conversation with this question, "How many people work in your office?"

"Oh," replied the quiet gentleman, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say about two thirds of them."

Sent by RITA MAKUSKY, Rockford, Illinois

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best joke to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"I think what I like best about you, Ernest, is your imagination."

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*Morning: your
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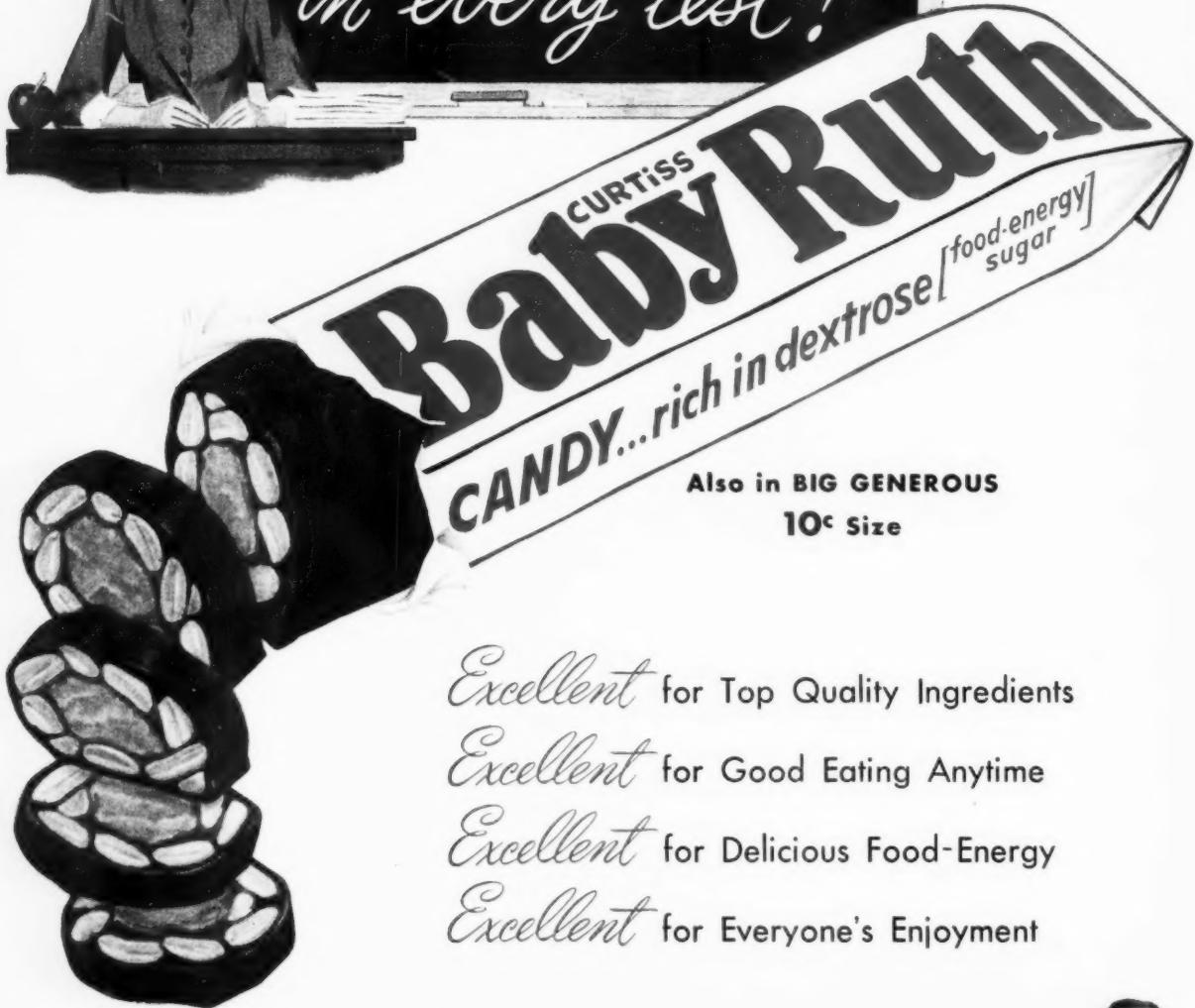
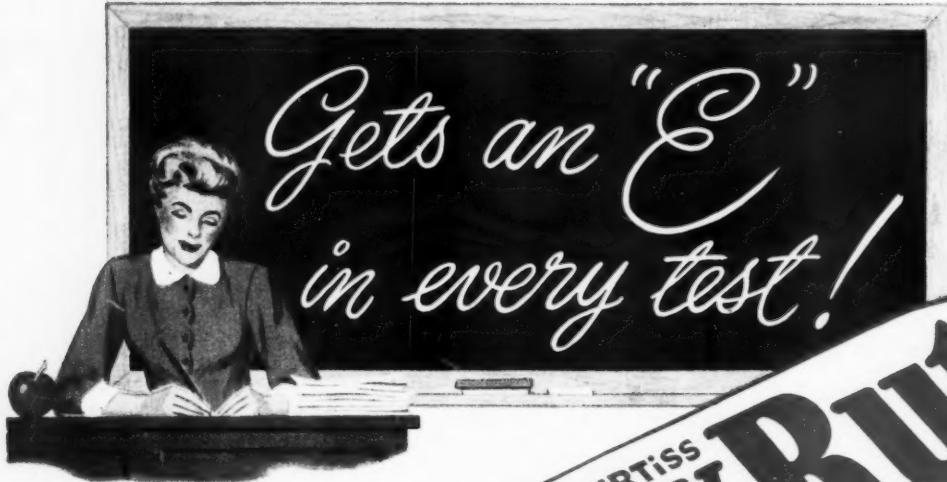
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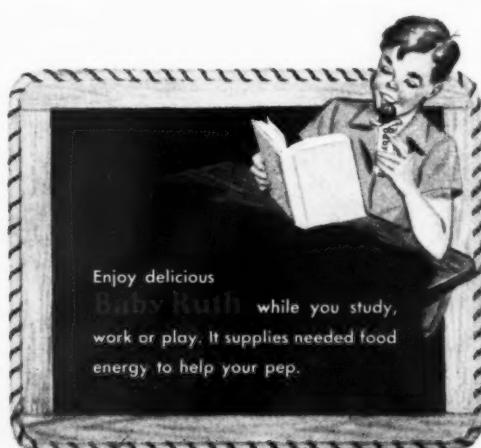
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